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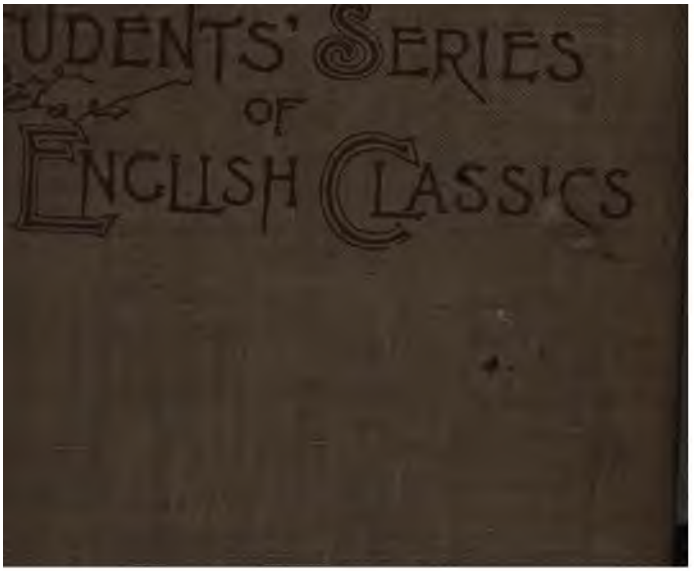
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The Students' Series of English Classics.

MILTON'S

PARADISE LOST

BOOKS I AND II

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

ALBERT S. COOK,

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
IN YALE UNIVERSITY

LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN,
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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this edition is to promote the enjoyment of Milton's poetry through study of a selection which, by its excellence of every sort, will reward prolonged attention. Through study, not through mere reading; for the editor does not share the opinion of those who hold that the study of the best literature is fatal to enjoyment. 'All men,' says Aristotle — and we shall hardly find a more competent judge — 'all men by nature desire to know.' If the appetite for knowledge is inborn in every human being, study, which is the process of acquiring knowledge, can only be distasteful when it has artificially been rendered so. There are those who concede this in general, who yet make an exception of literature; but it is difficult to see why the highest form of expression of which the human soul is capable should less repay study by enjoyment than the grass of the field or the rocks of the mine. On this point I am glad to find myself in substantial accord with that veteran and universally respected teacher of English, Professor March, of Lafayette College. He believes, as I also do, in the more rapid reading of certain books, especially during the elementary stages of an English course, according to a method that he suggests in The Independent for August 4, 1892. He says, among other things: 'The teacher may have select passages read in class, read them or have them read with care

and expression, to bring out their thought and feeling. A pupil who is a good reader will often stimulate a whole class wonderfully. Comment and criticism should be used mainly for pointing out beauties and exciting admiration; passages may be committed to memory. In this way fondness for reading and for good books may be induced.'

All this is well, and most teachers would agree with him. But he does not stop here, and proceeds to urge an advance beyond such admirable beginnings. He would have great literature more deeply understood than is possible through such processes as have been sketched above. 'We must learn,' he says, 'to speak and write English; then we must study it in the seats of its power, in the great English authors. Early rapid reading gives us words without definition. We get the denotation of names of common material objects and acts somewhere near right, but without knowing their meaning, their connotation. Abstract terms and names of complex conceptions and idioms float vaguely through the mind. There is no more delightful discipline than that of clearing up these vague notions, defining them and nailing them down with their words, so as to make the scholar confident master of his thought. This is the preparation for all progress in advanced thinking or for original writing. It is because students of Latin and Greek are more thoroughly trained in this discipline than others that they so often show superior command of thought and style to others.'

Again, he advocates the 'study of English words in English literature, just as the Greeks acquired their Greek by the study of Greek. Demosthenes studied Thucydides. Johnson tells the student of English style to spend his days and nights upon Addison. Franklin formed his admirable style in that way, reading good passages in the Spectator, then after a

time writing out the thoughts as well as he could, and comparing his work with Addison's, word by word, and studying all. John Bright formed his powerful oratory by English studies. Thousands of lesser lights have trimmed their lamps, such as Nature has furnished them, in the same fashion.'

He does not even shrink from employing the terms 'grammar' and 'philology,' though it is clear that he does not believe that all teaching of grammar and philology is promotive of literary enjoyment, since he speaks of a 'highest kind of philological study,' and distinguishes this from lower kinds by noting that its fruit is love for the thing studied: 'It is a matter of course that thorough grammatical and philological study should be given to such a work if one finds it congenial. "The Scripture cannot be understood theologically," says Melanchthon, "unless it be first understood grammatically." Men of one book, men who give much of their time to chewing and digesting some favorite volumes, have always been marked men. Genius broods ever. Luther called Galatians his wife. What apparatus of grammars, dictionaries, concordances, cyclopædias, have those who love the Bible made for the study of it, what commentaries of every kind, what long-continued studies of supreme passages! What mastery of Bible English is obtained by this study, and what love of it! And this is a type of the highest kind of philological study. In this way Homer has been made near and dear to thousands, and Socrates, and Dante, and Shakespeare. There must be a great character behind the words of great literature. Then for profound and worthy admiration we must have profound study long continued and often repeated. Philological study used as a means of clearing up, enriching, and impressing our apprehension of the thought and style, makes the student rejoice in them and remember them forever. The English

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of the text by typographical devices, and the provision of marginal summaries. The latter may be welcome to those who wish, before they have acquired a familiarity with the poem, to gain a rapid survey of the course and argument of the first two books.

The study of the text should involve substantial conformity with the suggestions of the notes, and, in fact, a use of all the illustrative matter provided. When reference is made to the Bible, or to any other book, the reference should be looked up. Nor should the labor end here. The matter of the reference or the quotation is but a basis for more interesting and profitable thought than would be possible without it. The inferences and deductions to be drawn by the student are, after all, the main thing, and what has been provided for purposes of elucidation has been presented in strict subservience to this view.

The books accessible for consultation ought to comprise as many as possible of those recommended on pp. 48, 49. There should be a Bible; a Globe edition (Masson's) of Milton; a Globe Spenser and a Globe Shakespeare (Macmillan); Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation of the Iliad; Butcher and Lang's Odyssey; the Globe translations of Virgil and Horace; the Bohn translation of Ovid (at least the Metamorphoses); Mrs. Browning's version of the Prometheus Bound, or Plumptre's Æschylus (D. C. Heath & Co.); Longfellow's Dante (or Norton's, or Butler's); and Fairfax's Tasso (in the Carisbrooke Library). Longinus on the Sublime might be added, in Havell's translation (the best), or in the cheap edition published, together with Aristotle's Poetics, by Cassell & Co.

Milton's employment of rhetorical figures has frequently been remarked in the notes, so that the work is adapted for

use in conjunction with the teaching of rhetoric. For the classification of figures, De Mille's Elements of Rhetoric is the work which has been drawn upon. Compositions should be written upon such themes as Milton's life, the principal characters of the poem, etc.

The editor would acknowledge his obligations to the labors of his predecessors, from Newton to the present. The principal editions have been consulted, and something of value obtained from each, the earlier ones, especially Newton's, being richest in independent discoveries of literary parallels and sources. A large number of these are recorded in Todd's edition of Milton.

The text is substantially that of Masson, but this has sometimes been more strictly conformed to the first edition of Paradise Lost, or changed in certain particulars of spelling or punctuation to render it more consistent with itself, or more clear to the reader.

The account of The Composition of Paradise Lost, in the Introduction, is abridged, without further alteration, from that given by Masson in the Globe edition of Milton, since there was no possibility of improving upon it. Those interested in the imaginative cosmogony of Paradise Lost are referred to Masson's remarks on the subject in his Introduction.

The Sketch of Milton's Life, and the Chronological Table, have been prepared by Mr. Frank H. Chase, Clark Scholar in English in Yale University.

ALBERT S. COOK.

YALE UNIVERSITY,
Jan. 20, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. SKETCH OF MILTON'S LIFE.

JOHN MILTON was born Dec. 9, 1608, in London; and in London his whole life, except the years from 1625 to 1639, was passed. Of this period of fourteen years, the first seven were spent at Christ's College, Cambridge, which he left as a Master of Arts in 1632; he then retired to his father's home at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he lived quietly, engaged, for the most part, in the study of the Classics, until 1638. In April of that year he set out for a sixteen months' journey in Italy, visiting Florence — where he saw the aged Galileo in prison, and made many friends — Rome, Naples, and other cities. In 1639 he returned to London, and opened a little school in his house, having first his two nephews, and later other boys, as pupils. In 1649, on the establishment of the Commonwealth, he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, a post which he retained under Cromwell and his son. During this period he became totally blind. After the Restoration, when he escaped the anger of Charles II. against the regicides, he was compelled to a quiet life. This he employed in literary works, dictating his poetry to his daughters or other amanuenses. His death occurred Nov. 8, 1674.

The literary career of Milton naturally falls into three well-

marked periods: the first and third, of approximately fifteen years each, are distinguished by poetry; the second by prose.

In the first of these periods, which coincides with Milton's absence from London (1625–1639), he devoted himself to lyric poetry. Previously to his departure for Cambridge he had produced only the paraphrases of two Psalms. At college he wrote some English poems, including the Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, and a number in Latin. At Christ's, too, were written the first of the series of Sonnets, which form a sort of glorified running-commentary on his life. But his lyric powers found their highest expression during his six years of retirement at Horton. Here he produced L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and the Arcades, besides Comus, the noblest of English masques, which was performed at Ludlow Castle in 1634. On his return from Italy in 1639 he wrote the Epitaphium Damonis, his best Latin poem, to the memory of Charles Diodati, a college friend. During this period, especially its later years, he had his epic much in mind; but for this he saw that he was not yet ripe.

With Milton's return to London, in 1640, begins his second period, — that of controversial prose. During the twenty years that followed he was the foremost writer on the Parliament side — the man on whom the leaders depended for a telling stroke when it was most needed. He was a good fighter, and stoutly defended in turn the Nonconformists against the Church-party, the Independents against the Presbyterians, the English people against attacks from abroad, and finally a republican form of government against monarchy. Whatever the question, he was on the side of freedom, and his lance was as sharp as his aim was true. To his excessive application, when he was writing the First Defence against Salmasius, was due, at least proximately, the loss of his sight.

On the restoration of the Stuarts, Milton was once more free to devote himself to poetry. His third period, in which his great epics were produced, extends from 1658 (thus lapping slightly on the period of prose) until his death in 1674. During the twenty years of controversy, his poetic gift had not quite slumbered: the series of twenty-three sonnets, a slender rill of pure poetry trickling down through the years, unites the lyrics of his youth with the great works of his maturity. In 1658, the year in which the last of these was written, he first put his hand to Paradise Lost, the mighty poem for which his whole life up to that time had been a more or less conscious preparation. In his earlier days the thought of it had helped to keep his ideals high, and in Italy, twenty years before, he had reflected much upon it; now, seeing that the great world had no use for him longer, he retired within himself to fulfil his life-dream. In 1667 Paradise Lost was published, in ten books; in 1674 it appeared in a second edition, this time in twelve books, as we now have it. Paradise Regained, undertaken at the suggestion of Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker friend of the poet, and Samson Agonistes, a lyric drama, were published in one volume in 1671. A few months after the appearance of Paradise Lost in its final form, his work done, John Milton, by general consent the second name in English literature, passed away.

II. MILTON'S EARLY LIFE AND IDEALS AS SET FORTH IN HIS OWN WORDS.

[Translated from the Latin of the *Defensio Secunda*, 1654.]

I WAS born at London, of an honest family; my father was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life; my

mother by the esteem in which she was held, and the alms which she bestowed. My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of literature; and my appetite for knowledge was so voracious, that, from twelve years of age, I hardly ever left my studies, or went to bed before midnight. This primarily led to my loss of sight. My eyes were naturally weak, and I was subject to frequent headaches; which, however, could not chill the ardor of my curiosity, or retard the progress of my improvement. My father had me daily instructed in the grammar-school, and by other masters at home. He then, after I had acquired a proficiency in various languages, and had made a considerable progress in philosophy, sent me to the University of Cambridge. Here I passed seven years in the usual course of instruction and study, with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon my character, till I took the degree of Master of Arts.

After this I did not, as the miscreant feigns, run away into Italy, but of my own accord retired to my father's house, whither I was accompanied by the regrets of most of the fellows of the college, who showed me no common marks of friendship and esteem. On my father's estate, where he had determined to pass the remainder of his days, I enjoyed an interval of uninterrupted leisure, which I entirely devoted to the perusal of the Greek and Latin classics; though I occasionally visited the metropolis, either for the sake of purchasing books, or of learning something new in mathematics or in music, in which I, at that time, found a source of pleasure and amusement. In this manner I spent five years till my mother's death.

I then became anxious to visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy. My father gave me his permission, and I left home with one servant. On my departure, the celebrated

Henry Wotton, who had long been King James's Ambassador at Venice, gave me a signal proof of his regard, in an elegant letter which he wrote, breathing not only the warmest friendship, but containing some maxims of conduct which I found very useful in my travels. The noble Thomas Scudamore, King Charles's ambassador, to whom I carried letters of recommendation, received me most courteously at Paris. His lordship gave me a card of introduction to the learned Hugo Grotius, at that time Ambassador from the Queen of Sweden to the French court; whose acquaintance I anxiously desired, and to whose house I was accompanied by some of his lordship's friends. A few days after, when I set out for Italy, he gave me letters to the English merchants on my route, that they might show me any civilities in their power. Taking ship at Nice, I arrived at Genoa, and afterwards visited Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. In the latter city, which I have always more particularly esteemed for the elegance of its dialect, its genius, and its taste, I stayed about two months; when I contracted an intimacy with many persons of rank and learning, and was a constant attendant at their literary parties; a practice which prevails there, and tends so much to the diffusion of knowledge and the preservation of friendship. No time will ever abolish the agreeable recollections which I cherish of Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Buonmattei, Chimentelli, Francini, and many others. From Florence I went to Siena, thence to Rome, where, after I had spent about two months in viewing the antiquities of that renowned city, where I experienced the most friendly attentions from Lucas Holsten, and other learned and ingenious men, I continued my route to Naples. There I was introduced by a certain recluse, with whom I had traveled from Rome, to Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a noble-

man of distinguished rank and authority, to whom Torquato Tasso, the illustrious poet, inscribed his book on friendship. During my stay he gave me singular proofs of his regard. He himself conducted me round the city, and to the palace of the viceroy, and more than once paid me a visit at my lodgings. On my departure he gravely apologized for not having shown me more civility, which he said he had been restrained from doing, because I had spoken with so little reserve on matters of religion.

When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be traveling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home. While I was on my way back to Rome, some merchants informed me that the English Jesuits had formed a plot against me if I returned to Rome, because I had spoken too freely on religion; for it was a rule which I laid down to myself in these places, never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion, but if any questions were put to me concerning my faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear. I nevertheless returned to Rome. I took no steps to conceal either my person or my character; and for about the space of two months I again openly defended, as I had done before, the reformed religion in the very metropolis of Popery. By the favor of God, I got safe back to Florence, where I was received with as much affection as if I had returned to my native country. There I stopped as many months as I had done before, except that I made an excursion for a few days to Lucca; and, crossing the Apennines, passed through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. After I had spent a month in surveying the curiosities of this city, and put on board a ship the books which I had collected

in Italy, I proceeded through Verona and Milan, and along the Leman Lake to Geneva. The mention of this city brings to my recollection the slandering More, and makes me again call the Deity to witness that in all those places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is practised with so little shame, I never once deviated from the paths of integrity and virtue, and perpetually reflected that, though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it could not elude the inspection of God. At Geneva I held daily conversations with John Diodati, the learned Professor of Theology. Then, pursuing my former route through France, I returned to my native country, after an absence of one year and about three months; at the time when Charles, having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the Episcopal War with the Scots, in which the Royalists being routed in the first encounter, and the English being universally and justly disaffected, the necessity of his affairs at last obliged him to convene a Parliament. As soon as I was able, I hired a spacious house in the city for myself and my books; where I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence, and to the courage of the people.

[From the *Apology for Smectymnuus, 1642.*]

I HAD my time, readers, as others have, who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places where the opinion was it might be soonest attained; and, as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended. Whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but, as my age then was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets, whereof the schools are not scarce, whom both

for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me, and for their matter, which what it is there be few who know not, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome. For that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labor to remember ye. Whence having observed them to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which under one or other name they took to celebrate; I thought with myself by every instinct and presage of nature, which is not wont to be false, that what emboldened them to this task, might, with such diligence as they used, embolden me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share, would herein best appear, and best value itself, by how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue, I should choose (let rude ears be absent) the object of not unlike praises. . . .

By the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought with me, — from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored, and above them all preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honor of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem — that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises

of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty, whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to salable and unlawful prostitutions.

Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown all over Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend, to the expense of his best blood, or of his life if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to be the defense of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect a gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even these books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I

cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

Thus, from the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon; where if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love — I mean that which is truly so — whose charming cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy (the rest are cheated with a thick, intoxicating potion, which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about); and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue; with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye in a still time, when there shall be no chiding.

[From *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty, 1641.*]

LASTLY, I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. And though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet since it will be such a folly as wisest men go about to commit, having only confessed and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For although a poet, soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing-robes about him, might without apology speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of

no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort it may not be envy to me.

I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly by this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private Academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.

These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other: that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory by the honor and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to

arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end — that were a toilsome vanity — but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting; whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment is no transgression, but an enriching of art; and, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemain against the Lombards; if to

the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories; or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; and this my opinion the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable.

These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of

just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe, teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed, that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who, having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem — the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one — do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. . . .

The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath

by more studious ways endeavored, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, — like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. . . . But were it the meanest underservice, if God by his secretary Conscience enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back; for me especially, now

when all men offer their aid to help, ease, and lighten the difficult labors of the Church, to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions; till, coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either straight perjure, or split his faith; I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.

[From the *Tractate on Education*, 1641.]

When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigor of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.

And now, lastly, will be the time to read with them those organic arts, which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of lofty, mean, or lowly. Logic, therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate rhetoric, taught out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse,

which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rimers and play-writers be, and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with a universal insight into things.

[From the *Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642.]

True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words (by what I can express), like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and, in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places.

[From the *Defensio Secunda*, 1654.]

He alone is worthy of the appellation [great] who either does great things, or teaches how they may be done, or describes them with a suitable majesty when they have been done; but those only are great things which tend to render life more happy, which increase the innocent enjoyments and comforts of existence, or which pave the way to a state of future bliss more permanent and more pure.

III. THE COMPOSITION OF PARADISE LOST.

FROM MASSON'S INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

It was in 1639, after his return from his Italian tour, in his thirty-first year, that Milton, as he tells us, first bethought himself seriously of some great literary work, on a scale commensurate with his powers, and which posterity should not willingly let die. He had resolved that it should be an English poem; he had resolved that it should be an epic; nay, he had all but resolved — as is proved by his Latin poem to Manso, and his Epitaphium Damonis — that his subject should be taken from the legendary history of Britain, and should include the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Suddenly, however, this decision was shaken. He became uncertain whether the dramatic form might not be fitter for his purpose than the epic, and, letting go the subject of Arthur, he began to look about for other subjects. The proof exists in the form of a list — written by Milton's own hand in 1640–1, or certainly not later than 1642, and preserved among the Milton MSS. in Trinity College, Cambridge — of about one hundred subjects, many of them Scriptural, and the rest from British History, which he had jotted down, with the intention, apparently, of estimating their relative degrees of capability, and at last fixing on the one, or the one or two, that should appear best. Now, at the head of this long list of subjects is Paradise Lost. There are no fewer than four separate drafts of this subject as then meditated by Milton for dramatic treatment. The first draft consists merely of a list of *dramatis personæ*, as follows: —

"*The Persons:* — Michael; Heavenly Love; Chorus of Angels; Lucifer; Adam, Eve, with the Serpent; Conscience; Death; Labor, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others, Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity."

This draft having been cancelled, another is written parallel with it, as follows: —

"*The Persons:* — Moses [originally written 'Michael or Moses,' but the words 'Michael or' deleted, so as to leave 'Moses' as preferable for the drama]; Justice, Mercy, Wisdom; Heavenly Love; the Evening Star, Hesperus; Lucifer; Adam; Eve; Conscience; Labor, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, [as] Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity."

This having also been scored out, there follows a third draft, more complete, thus: —

"PARADISE LOST: — *The Persons:* Moses προλογιζει, recounting how he assumed his true body; that it corrupts not, because of his [being] with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Eliah, besides the purity of the place — that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds preserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells them they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin. — [Act I.]: Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, debating what should become of Man if he fall. Chorus of Angels sing a hymn of the Creation. — Act II.: Heavenly Love; Evening Star. Chorus sing the marriage song and describe Paradise. — Act III.: Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin. Chorus fears for Adam and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall. — Act IV.: Adam, Eve, fallen; Conscience cites them to God's examination. Chorus bewails and tells the good Adam hath lost. — Act V.: Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise, presented by an Angel with Labor, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, [as] Mutes — to whom he gives their names — likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.; Death entered into the world; Faith, Hope, Charity, comfort and instruct him. Chorus briefly concludes."

This is left standing; but in another part of the MS., as if written at some interval of time, is a fourth draft, as follows: —

"ADAM UNPARADISED: — The Angel Gabriel, either descending or entering — showing, since the globe is created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven — describes Paradise. Next the Chorus,

showing the reason of his coming — to keep his watch, after Lucifer's rebellion, by the command of God — and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a Prince of Power, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. — After this, Lucifer appears, after his overthrow; bemoans himself; seeks revenge upon Man. The Chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs; whereat the Chorus sing of the battle and victory in Heaven against him and his accomplices, as before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the Creation. — Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and consulting on what he had done to the destruction of Man. Man next and Eve, having been by this time seduced by the Serpent, appear confusedly, covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him; Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime the Chorus entertains the stage and is informed by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall. — Adam and Eve return and accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife — is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. — The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs. At last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises him the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, Charity; instructs him. He repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes. — Compare this with the former Draft."

These schemes of a possible drama on the subject of Paradise Lost were written out by Milton as early as between 1639 and 1642, or between his thirty-first and his thirty-fourth year, as a portion of a list of about a hundred subjects which occurred to him, in the course of his reading at that time, as worth considering for the great English Poem which he hoped to give to the world. From the place and the proportion of space which

they occupy in the list, it is apparent that the subject of Paradise Lost had then fascinated him more strongly than any of the others, and that, if his notion of an epic on Arthur was then given up, a drama on Paradise Lost had occurred to him as the most likely substitute. It is also more probable than not that he then knew of previous dramas that had been written on the subject, and that, in writing out his own schemes, he had the schemes of some of these dramas in his mind. Vondel's play was not then in existence; but Andreini's was. Farther, there is evidence in Milton's prose pamphlets published about this time that, if he did ultimately fix on the subject he had so particularly been meditating, he was likely enough to make himself acquainted with any previous efforts on the same subject, and to turn them to account for whatever they might be worth. Thus, in his Reason of Church Government (1641), taking the public into his confidence in various matters relating to himself, and informing them particularly how his mind had been recently occupied with thoughts of a great English poem (whether an epic or a drama he had not, he hints, quite determined), and with what reluctance he felt himself drawn away from that design to engage in the political controversies of the time, he thus pledges himself that the design, though necessarily postponed, shall not be abandoned: 'Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,

and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs — till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them.'

There is evidence that, about the time when Milton thus announced to the public his design of some great English poem, to be accomplished at leisure, and when he was privately considering with himself whether a tragedy on the subject of Paradise Lost might not best fulfil the conditions of such a design, he had actually gone so far as to write not only the foregoing drafts of the tragedy, but even some lines by way of opening. Speaking of Paradise Lost, and of the author's original intention that it should be a tragedy, Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, tells us in his Memoir of his uncle (1694): 'In the Fourth Book of the Poem there are six [ten?] verses, which, several years before the Poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy.' The verses referred to by Phillips are those (P. L. IV. 32–41) that now form part of Satan's speech on first standing on the Earth, and beholding, among the glories of the newly-created World, the Sun in his full splendor in the Heavens: —

> O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
> Of this new World — at whose sight all the stars
> Hide their diminished heads — to thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
> That bring to my remembrance from what state

> I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
> Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
> Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!

Phillips's words 'several years before the Poem was begun' would not, by themselves, fix the date at which he had seen these lines. But in Aubrey's earlier Memoir of Milton (1680), containing information which Aubrey had derived from Phillips, this passage occurs: 'In the 4th book of Paradise Lost there are about 6 verses of Satan's exclamation to the Sun w^ch^ Mr. E. Phi. remembers, about 15 or 16 years before ever his poem was thought of; w^ch^ verses were intended for the beginning of a tragœdie, w^ch^ he had design'd, but was diverted from it by other besinesse.' Here we have indirectly Phillips's own authority that he had read the verses in question at a date which we shall presently see reason to fix at 1642. He was then a pupil of his uncle, and living with him in his house in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it was not 'for some few years' only, as Milton had thought in 1641, that the execution of the great work so solemnly then promised had to be postponed. For a longer time than he had expected England remained in a condition in which he did not think it right, even had it been possible, that men like him should be writing poems. Only towards the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, when Milton had reached his fiftieth year, and had been for five or six years totally blind, does he seem to have been in circumstances to resume effectually the design to which he had pledged himself seventeen years before. By that time, however, there was no longer any doubt as to the theme he would choose. All the other themes once entertained had faded more or less into the background of memory, and PARADISE LOST stood out, bold, clear, and without competitor. Nay more, the dramatic form, for

which, when the subject first occurred to him, Milton had felt a preference, had been now abandoned, and it had been resolved that the poem should be an epic. He began this epic in earnest almost certainly before Cromwell was dead — 'about 2 yeares before the K[ing] came in,' says Aubrey on Phillips's authority; that is, in 1658, when, notwithstanding his blindness, he was still in official attendance on Cromwell at Whitehall as his Latin Secretary, and writing occasional letters, in Cromwell's name, to foreign states and princes. . . .

As the Great Plague was then [1665] raging in London, Milton had removed from his house in Artillery Walk to a cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles, in Buckinghamshire, which had been taken for him, at his request, by Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker, whose acquaintance with him had begun a year or two before in Jewin Street. Visiting Milton here as soon as circumstances would permit, Ellwood was received in a manner of which he has left an account in his Autobiography. 'After some common discourses,' he says, 'had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entituled Paradise Lost.'

The anecdote proves the existence of at least one, and most probably of more than one, complete copy in the autumn of 1665 — which may, accordingly, be taken as the date when the poem was considered ready for press. The delay of publication till two years after that date is easily accounted for. It was not, says Ellwood, till 'the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again,' that Milton returned to his house in Artillery Walk; then, still

farther paralyzing business of all sorts, came the Great Fire of September, 1666; and there were difficulties, as we have seen, about the licensing of a poem by a person of Milton's political antecedents and principles.

Whether the time spent by Milton in the composition of Paradise Lost was five years (1658–1663), or seven or eight years (1658–1665), it is certain that he bestowed on the work all that care and labor which, on his first contemplation of such a work in his earlier manhood, he had declared would be necessary. The 'industrious and select reading,' which he had then spoken of as one of the many requisites, had not been omitted. Whatever else Paradise Lost may be, it is certainly one of the most learned poems in the world. In thinking of it in this character we are to remember, first of all, that, ere his blindness had befallen him (1652), Milton's mind was stored with an amount of various and exact learning such as few other men of his age possessed; so that, had he ceased then to acquire more, he would have still carried in his memory an enormous resource of material out of which to build up the body of his poem. But he did not, after his blindness, cease to add to his knowledge by reading. At the very time when he was engaged on his Paradise Lost, he had, as his nephew Phillips informs us, several other great undertakings in progress of a different character, for which daily reading and research were necessary, even if they could have been dispensed with for the poem — to wit, the construction of a Body of Divinity from the Scriptures, the completion of a History of England, and the collection of materials for a Thesaurus, or Dictionary, of the Latin tongue. Laboriously every day, with a due division of his time from early morning, he pursued these tasks, by a systematic use of assistants whom he kept about him. As at the time when the composition

of Paradise Lost was begun the eldest daughter, Anne, was but twelve years of age, the second, Mary, but ten, and the youngest, Deborah, but six, and as when the poem was certainly finished their ages were about eighteen, sixteen, and twelve respectively, *their* services as readers during its composition can have been but partial. But, whether with them as his readers, or with young men and grown-up friends performing the part for hire or love, he was able to avail himself for his poem, as well as for the drier works on which he was simultaneously engaged, of any help which books could give. He may, accordingly, at this time, if not before, have made himself acquainted with some of those poems and other works, Italian and Latin, in which his subject, or some portion of it, had been previously treated. He was very likely to do so, and to take any hint he could get.

It would not be difficult to prove, at any rate, that, among the 'select readings' engaged in specially for the purposes of Paradise Lost while it was in progress, must have been readings in certain books of geography and Eastern travel, and in certain Rabbinical, early Christian, and mediæval commentators on the subjects of Paradise, the Angels, and the Fall. Nothing is more striking in the poem, nothing more touching, than the frequency, and, on the whole, wonderful accuracy, of its references to maps; and, whatever wealth of geographical information Milton may have carried with him into his blindness, there are evidences, I think, that he must have refreshed his recollections of this kind by the eyes of others, and perhaps by their guidance of his finger, after his sight was gone. In short, for the Paradise Lost, as well as for the prose labors carried on along with it, there must have been abundance of reading; and, remembering to what a stock of prior learning, possessed before his blindness, all such incre-

ments were added, we need have no wonder at the appearance now presented by the poem. To say merely that it is a most learned poem — the poem of a mind full of miscellaneous lore wherewith its grand imagination might work — is not enough. Original as it is, original in its entire conception, and in every portion and passage, the poem is yet full of *flakes* — we can express it no otherwise — full of flakes from all that is greatest in preceding literature, ancient or modern. This is what all the commentators have observed, and what their labors in collecting parallel passages from other poets and prose-writers have served more and more to illustrate. Such labors have been overdone; but they have proved incontestably the tenacity of Milton's memory. In the first place, Paradise Lost is permeated from beginning to end with citations from the Bible. Milton must have almost had the Bible by heart; and, besides that some passages of his poem, where he is keeping close to the Bible as his authority, are avowedly coagulations of Scriptural texts, it is possible again and again, throughout the rest, to detect the flash, through his noblest language, of some suggestion from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, or the Apocalypse. So, though in a less degree, with Homer, the Greek tragedians (Euripides was a special favorite of his), Plato, Demosthenes, and the Greek classics generally, and with Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and the other Latins. So with the Italian writers whom he knew so well — Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others now less remembered. So with modern Latinists of various European countries, still less recoverable. Finally, so with the whole series of preceding English poets, particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, and some of the minor Spenserians of the reigns of James and Charles I., not forgetting that uncouth popular favorite of his boyhood, Sylvester's

Du Bartas. In connexion with all which, or with any particularly striking instance of the use by Milton of a thought or a phrase from previous authors, let the reader remember his own definition of plagiarism, given in his Εἰκονοκλαστης. 'Such kind of borrowing as this,' he there says, '*if it be not bettered by the borrower*, among good authors is accounted plagiary.' And again, of quotations from the Bible, — 'It is not hard for any man who hath a Bible in his hands to borrow good words and holy sayings in abundance; but to make them his own is a work of grace only from above.'

How was the poem, as it grew in Milton's mind, committed to paper? It was dictated by parcels of ten, twenty, thirty, or more lines at a time. Even before his blindness, Milton had made use of amanuenses; but, after his blindness, he scarcely wrote at all with his own hand. It would be difficult to produce a genuine autograph of his of later date than 1652. On this matter Phillips is again our most precise authority. 'There is another very remarkable passage,' he says, 'in the composure of this poem, which I have a particular occasion to remember; for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time — which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing — having, as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his verse never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinoctial to the Vernal [*i.e.* from the end of September to the end of March], and that whatever he attempted [at other times] was never to his satisfaction, though he exerted his fancy never so much; so that, in all

the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein.' The reader ought to correct by this extract, taken in connexion with information already given as to Milton's domestic circumstances, the impressions he may have received from flummery pictures representing the blind poet in a rapt attitude dictating Paradise Lost to his attentive and revering daughters. His eldest daughter, Anne, could not write; and though the other two could write, and may occasionally, when the poem was in progress, have acted as his amanuenses, their ages exclude the idea of their having been his chief assistants in this capacity — while we also know that the poor motherless girls had grown up in circumstances to make them regard the services they were required to perform for their father as less a duty than a trouble. On the whole, Phillips's words suggest what is probably the right notion — that Milton dictated his poem in small portions at a time, chiefly within-doors, and more in winter than in summer, to any one that chanced to be about him. Sometimes it may have been one of his daughters; sometimes, latterly, when the poem was nearly complete, it may have been his third wife; frequently it may have been one of the friends or youths who statedly read to him. From Phillips's statement it is also clear that *he* assisted Milton in revising the gathered scraps of MS. from time to time. Finally, when all was completed, a clean copy, or clean copies, must have been made by some practised scribe. One such clean copy was that sent to the licenser, a portion of which, as has been mentioned, still exists. The hand in that manuscript has not been identified.

IV. MILTON AS VIEWED BY OTHER POETS.

LONGFELLOW.

SONNET ON MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sleeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

LOWELL.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MILTON.

THE truth is, that Milton was a harmonist rather than a melodist. There are, no doubt, some exquisite melodies (like the Sabrina Fair) among his earlier poems, as could hardly fail to be the case in an age which produced or trained the authors of our best English glees, as ravishing in their instinctive felicity as the songs of our dramatists, but he also showed from the first that larger style which was to be his peculiar distinction. The strain heard in the Nativity Ode, in the Solemn Music, and in Lycidas, is of a higher mood, as regards metrical construction, than anything that had thrilled the English ear before, giving no uncertain augury of him

who was to show what sonorous metal lay silent till he touched the keys in the epical organ-pipes of our various languages, that have never since felt the strain of such prevailing breath. It was in the larger movements of metre that Milton was great and original. I have spoken elsewhere of Spenser's fondness for dilation as respects thoughts and images. In Milton it extends to the language also, and often to the single words of which a period is composed. He loved phrases of towering port, in which every member dilated stands like Teneriffe or Atlas. In those poems and passages that stamp him great, the verses do not dance interweaving to soft Lydian airs, but march rather with resounding tread and clang of martial music. . . .

In reading Paradise Lost one has a feeling of vastness. You float under an illimitable sky, brimmed with sunshine or hung with constellations; the abysses of space are about you: you hear the cadenced surges of an unseen ocean: thunders mutter round the horizon: and if the scene change, it is with an elemental movement like the shifting of mighty winds. His imagination seldom condenses, like Shakespeare's, in the kindling flash of a single epithet, but loves better to diffuse itself. Witness his descriptions, wherein he seems to circle like an eagle bathing in the blue streams of air, controlling with his eye broad sweeps of champaign or of sea, and rarely fulmining in the sudden swoop of intenser expression. He was fonder of the vague, perhaps I should rather say the indefinite, where more is meant than meets the ear, than any other of our poets. He loved epithets (like *old* and *far*) that suggest great reaches, whether of space or time. This bias shows itself already in his earlier poems, as where he hears

> The *far-off* curfew sound
> Over some *wide-watered* shore,

or where he fancies the shores and sounding seas washing Lycidas far away; but it reaches its climax in the Paradise Lost. He produces his effects by dilating our imaginations with an impalpable hint rather than by concentrating them upon too precise particulars. Thus in a famous comparison of his, the fleet has no definite port, but plies stemming nightly toward the pole in a wide ocean of conjecture. He generalizes always instead of specifying, — the true secret of the ideal treatment in which he is without peer, and, though everywhere grandiose, he is never turgid. . . . Milton . . . is too wise to hamper himself with any statement for which he can be brought to book, but wraps himself in a mist of looming indefiniteness: —

> He called so loud that all the hollow deep
> Of Hell resounded,

thus amplifying more nobly by abstention from his usual method of prolonged evolution. No caverns, however spacious, will serve his turn, because they have limits. He could practise this self-denial when his artistic sense found it needful, whether for variety of verse or for the greater intensity of effect to be gained by abruptness. His more elaborate passages have the multitudinous roll of thunder, dying away to gather a sullen force again from its own reverberations, but he knew that the attention is recalled and arrested by those claps that stop short without echo and leave us listening. There are no such vistas and avenues of verse as his. In reading the Paradise Lost one has a feeling of spaciousness such as no other poet gives. Milton's respect for himself and for his own mind rises well nigh to veneration. He prepares the way for his thought, and spreads on the ground before the sacred feet of his verse tapestries inwoven with figures of

mythology and romance. There is no such unfailing dignity as his. . . . His sustained strength is especially felt in his beginnings. He seems always to start full-sail; the wind and tide always serve; there is never any fluttering of the canvas. . . . And the poem never becomes incoherent; we feel all through it, as in the symphonies of Beethoven, a great controlling reason in whose safe-conduct we trust implicitly. . . .

If there is one thing more striking than another in this poet, it is that his great and original imagination was almost wholly nourished by books, perhaps I should rather say set in motion by them. It is wonderful how, from the most withered and juiceless hint gathered in his reading, his grand images rise like an exhalation; how from the most battered old lamp caught in that huge drag-net with which he swept the waters of learning, he could conjure a tall genius to build his palaces. Whatever he touches swells and towers. That wonderful passage in Comus of the airy tongues, perhaps the most imaginative in suggestion he ever wrote, was conjured out of a dry sentence in Purchas's abstract of Marco Polo. Such examples help us to understand the poet. When I find that Sir Thomas Browne had said before Milton, that Adam 'was *the wisest of all men since*,' I am glad to find this link between the most profound and the most stately imagination of that age. Such parallels sometimes give a hint also of the historical development of our poetry, of its apostolical succession, so to speak. Every one has noticed Milton's fondness of sonorous proper names, which have not only an acquired imaginative value by association, and so serve to awaken our poetic sensibilities, but have likewise a merely musical significance. This he probably caught from Marlowe, traces of whom are frequent in him. . . .

Milton cannot certainly be taxed with any partiality for

low words. He rather loved them tall, as the Prussian King loved men to be six feet high in their stockings, and fit to go into the grenadiers. He loved them as much for their music as for their meaning, — perhaps more. His style, therefore, when it has to deal with commoner things, is apt to grow a little cumbrous and unwieldy. A Persian poet says that when the owl would boast, he boasts of catching mice at the edge of a hole. Shakespeare would have understood this. Milton would have made him talk like an eagle. His influence is not to be left out of account as partially contributing to that decline toward poetic diction which was already beginning ere he died. If it would not be fair to say that he is the most artistic, he may be called in the highest sense the most scientific of our poets. If to Spenser younger poets have gone to be sung-to, they have sat at the feet of Milton to be taught. . . .

It results from the almost scornful withdrawal of Milton into the fortress of his absolute personality that no great poet is so uniformly self-conscious as he. We should say of Shakespeare that he had the power of transforming himself into everything; of Milton, that he had that of transforming everything into himself.

LANDOR.

FROM THE IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS (SOUTHEY AND LANDOR).

Both in epic and dramatic poetry, it is action, and not moral, that is first demanded. The feelings and exploits of the principal agent should excite the principal interest. The two greatest of human compositions are here defective — I mean the Iliad and Paradise Lost. Agamemnon is leader of the confederate Greeks before Troy, to avenge the cause of Menelaus; yet not only Achilles and Diomed on his

side, but Hector and Sarpedon on the opposite, interest us more than the 'king of men,' the avenger, or than his brother, the injured prince, about whom they all are fighting. In the Paradise Lost no principal character seems to have been intended. There is neither truth nor wit, however, in saying that Satan is hero of the piece, unless, as is usually the case in human life, he is the greatest hero who gives the widest sway to the worst passions. It is Adam who acts and suffers most, and on whom the consequences have most influence. This constitutes him the main character; although Eve is the more interesting, Satan the more energetic, and on whom the greater force of poetry is displayed. The Creator and his angels are quite secondary. . . .

Such stupendous genius, so much fancy, so much eloquence, so much vigor of intellect, never were united as in Paradise Lost. Yet it is neither so correct nor so varied as the Iliad, nor, however important the action, so interesting. The moral itself is the reason why it wearies even those who insist on the necessity of it. Founded on an event believed by nearly all nations, certainly by all who read the poem, it lays down a principle which concerns every man's welfare, and a fact which every man's experience confirms, — that great and irremediable misery may arise from apparently small offences. But will any one say that, in a poetical view, our certainty of moral truth in this position is an equivalent for the uncertainty *which* of the agents is what critics call the hero of the piece? . . .

After I have been reading the Paradise Lost, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the streets, or at best for drums and fifes. Although in Shakespeare there are occasional bursts of harmony no less sublime, yet, if there were

many such in continuation, it would be hurtful, not only in comedy, but also in tragedy. The greater part should be equable and conversational. For, if the excitement were the same at the beginning, the middle, and the end; if consequently (as must be the case) the language and versification were equally elevated throughout; any long poem would be a bad one, and worst of all, a drama. In our English heroic verse, such as Milton has composed it, there is a much greater variety of feet, of movement, of musical notes and bars, than in the Greek heroic; and the final sounds are incomparably more diversified. My predilection in youth was on the side of Homer; for I had read the Iliad twice, and the Odyssea once, before the Paradise Lost. Averse as I am to every thing relating to theology, and especially to the view of it thrown open by this poem, I recur to it incessantly as the noblest specimen in the world of eloquence, harmony, and genius. . . .

A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton; the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

ARNOLD.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MILTON.

If to our English race an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger, if the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us, Milton is of all our gifted men the best lesson, the most salutary influence. In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil and Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.

Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, all of them good poets who

have studied Milton, followed Milton, adopted his form, fail in their diction and rhythm if we try them by that high standard of excellence maintained by Milton constantly. From style really high and pure Milton never departs; their departures from it are frequent.

Shakespeare is divinely strong, rich, and attractive. But sureness of perfect style Shakespeare himself does not possess. I have heard a politician express wonder at the treasures of political wisdom in a celebrated scene of Troilus and Cressida; for my part I am at least equally moved to wonder at the fantastic and false diction in which Shakespeare has in that scene clothed them. Milton, from one end of Paradise Lost to the other, is in his diction and rhythm constantly a great artist in the great style. Whatever may be said as to the subject of his poem, as to the conditions under which he received his subject and treated it, that praise, at any rate, is assured to him.

For the rest, justice is not at present done, in my opinion, to Milton's management of the inevitable matter of a Puritan epic, a matter full of difficulties for a poet. Justice is not done to the *architectonics*, as Goethe would have called them, of Paradise Lost; in these, too, the power of Milton's art is remarkable. But this may be a proposition which requires discussion and development for establishing it, and they are impossible on an occasion like the present.

That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain.

The mighty power of poetry and art is generally admitted. But where the soul of this power, of this power at its best, chiefly resides, very many of us fail to see. It resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and

rare excellence of the great style. We may feel the effect without being able to give ourselves clear account of its cause, but the thing is so. Now, no race needs the influences mentioned, the influences of refining and elevation, more than ours; and in poetry and art our grand source for them is Milton.

To what does he owe this supreme distinction? To nature first and foremost, to that bent of nature for inequality which to the worshippers of the average man is so unacceptable; to a gift, a divine favor. 'The older one grows,' says Goethe, 'the more one prizes natural gifts, because by no possibility can they be procured and stuck on.' Nature formed Milton to be a great poet. But what other poet has shown so sincere a sense of the grandeur of his vocation, and a moral effort so constant and sublime to make and keep himself worthy of it? The Milton of religious and political controversy, and perhaps of domestic life also, is not seldom disfigured by want of amenity, by acerbity. The Milton of poetry, on the other hand, is one of those great men 'who are modest'—to quote a fine remark of Leopardi, that gifted and stricken young Italian, who in his sense for poetic style is worthy to be named with Dante and Milton—'who are modest, because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind.' The Milton of poetry is the man, in his own magnificent phrase, of 'devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.' And finally, the Milton of poetry is, in his own words again, the man of 'industrious and select reading.' Continually he lived in companionship with high and rare excellence, with the great Hebrew poets and prophets, with the

great poets of Greece and Rome. The Hebrew compositions were not in verse, and can be not inadequately represented by the grand, measured prose of our English Bible. The verse of the poets of Greece and Rome no translation can adequately reproduce. Prose cannot have the power of verse; verse-translation may give whatever of charm is in the soul and talent of the translator himself, but never the specific charm of the verse and poet translated. In our race are thousands of readers, presently there will be millions, who know not a word of Greek or Latin, and will never learn those languages. If this host of readers are ever to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great poets of antiquity, their way to gain it is not through translations of the ancients, but through the original poetry of Milton, who has the like power and charm, because he has the like great style.

Through Milton they may gain it, for, in conclusion, Milton is English; this master in the great style of the ancients is English. Virgil, whom Milton loved and honored, has at the end of the Æneid a noble passage, where Juno, seeing the defeat of Turnus and the Italians imminent, the victory of the Trojan invaders assured, entreats Jupiter that Italy may nevertheless survive and be herself still, may retain her own mind, manners, and language, and not adopt those of the conqueror.

Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges.

Jupiter grants the prayer; he promises perpetuity and the future to Italy — Italy reinforced by whatever virtue the Trojan race has, but Italy, not Troy. This we may take as a sort of parable suiting ourselves. All the Anglo-Saxon contagion, all the flood of Anglo-Saxon commonness, beats vainly against the great style but cannot shake it, and has to accept its triumph. But it triumphs in Milton, in one of our own race,

tongue, faith, and morals. Milton has made the great style no longer an exotic here; he has made it an inmate amongst us, a leaven, and a power. Nevertheless he, and his hearers on both sides of the Atlantic, are English, and will remain English —

Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.

The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it for ever.

EMERSON.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MILTON.

It is the prerogative of this great man to stand at this hour foremost of all men in literary history, and so (shall we not say?) of all men, in the power *to inspire*. Virtue goes out of him into others. Leaving out of view the pretensions of our contemporaries (always an incalculable influence), we think no man can be named whose mind still acts on the cultivated intellect of England and America with an energy comparable to that of Milton. As a poet, Shakespeare undoubtedly transcends, and far surpasses him in his popularity with foreign nations; but Shakespeare is a voice merely; who and what he was that sang, that sings, we know not. Milton stands erect, commanding, still visible as a man among men, and reads the laws of the moral sentiment to the new-born race. There is something pleasing in the affection with which we can regard a man who died a hundred and sixty [now, 1896, two hundred and twenty-two] years ago in the other hemisphere, who, in respect to personal relations, is to us as the wind, yet by an influence purely spiritual makes us jealous for his fame as for that of a near friend. He is identified in the mind with all select and holy

images, with the supreme interests of the human race. If hereby we attain any more precision, we proceed to say that we think no man in these later ages, and few men ever, possessed so great a conception of the manly character. Better than any other he has discharged the office of every great man, namely, to raise the idea of Man in the minds of his contemporaries and of posterity, — to draw after nature a life of man, exhibiting such a composition of grace, of strength, and of virtue, as poet had not described nor hero lived. Human nature in these ages is indebted to him for its best portrait. Many philosophers in England, France, and Germany have formerly dedicated their study to this problem; and we think it impossible to recall one in those countries who communicates the same vibration of hope, of self-reverence, of piety, of delight in beauty, which the name of Milton awakens. . . .

His habits of living were austere. He was abstemious in diet, chaste, an early riser, and industrious. He tells us, in a Latin poem, that the lyrist may indulge in wine and in a freer life; but that he who would write an epic to the nations must eat beans and drink water. Yet in his severity is no grimace or effort. He serves from love, not from fear. He is innocent and exact, because his taste was so pure and delicate. He acknowledges to his friend Diodati, at the age of twenty-one, that he is enamored, if any was, of moral perfection: 'For, whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Proserpine with such unceasing solicitude as I have sought this τοῦ καλοῦ ἰδέαν, this perfect model of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things.' . . .

Was there not a fitness in the undertaking of such a person

to write a poem on the subject of Adam, the first man By his sympathy with all nature; by the proportion of his powers; by great knowledge, and by religion, he would reascend to the height from which our nature is supposed to have descended. From a just knowledge of what man should be, he described what he was. He beheld him as he walked in Eden. . . . And the soul of this divine creature is excellent as his form. The tone of his thought and passion is as healthful, as even, and as vigorous, as befits the new and perfect model of a race of gods.

The perception we have attributed to Milton, of a purer ideal of humanity, modifies his poetic genius. The man is paramount to the poet. His fancy is never transcendent, extravagant; but, as Bacon's imagination was said to be 'the noblest that ever contented itself to minister to the understanding,' so Milton's ministers to the character. Milton's sublimest song, bursting into heaven with its peals of melodious thunder, is the voice of Milton still. Indeed, throughout his poems, one may see under a thin veil, the opinions, the feelings, even the incidents of the poet's life, still reappearing. . . . The most affecting passages in Paradise Lost are personal allusions; and, when we are fairly in Eden, Adam and Milton are often difficult to be separated. . . . The genius and office of Milton were . . . to ascend by the aids of his learning and his religion — by an equal perception, that is, of the past and the future — to a higher insight and more lively delineation of the heroic life of man. This was his poem; whereof all his indignant pamphlets and all his soaring verses are only single cantos or detached stanzas.

WORDSWORTH.

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE 1815 EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

THE grand storehouses of enthusiastic and meditative imagination, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However indued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him toward the sublime.

SONNET ON MILTON.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

V. CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

MILTON'S WORKS. (*Prose works in italics.*)	MILTON'S LIFE.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.
	1608, Dec. 9. Born in London.	1608. John Smith, True Relation.
		1609 (*æt.* 1). The Pilgrims settle in Leyden.
		1611 (*æt.* 3). Authorized Version of the Bible.
		1616 (*æt.* 8). Death of Shakespeare.
		1619 (*æt.* 11). Ben Jonson Poet Laureate.
		1620 (*æt.* 12). Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.
1624 (*æt.* 16). Paraphrases of Psalms cxiv and cxxxvi.		
	1625, Feb. 12 (*æt.* 17). Enters Christ's College, Cambridge.	1625, Mar. 27 (*æt.* 17). Accession of Charles I.
1626 (*æt.* 18). On the Death of a Fair Infant.		1626 (*æt.* 18). Death of Bacon.
		1628 (*æt.* 20). Petition of Right. Bunyan born.
1629 (*æt.* 21). On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.	1629, Jan. (*æt.* 21). Degree of B.A.	1629 (*æt.* 21). Dissolution of Parliament.
		1630 (*æt.* 22). Boston founded.
1631 (*æt.* 23). Sonnet i.		1631 (*æt.* 23). Dryden born.
	1632, July (*æt.* 24). Leaves Cambridge for Horton.	

		1633 (*æt.* 25). William Laud Archbishop of Canterbury.
1634 (*æt.* 26). L'Allegro and Il Penseroso (?). Arcades. Comus.		
		1636 (*æt.* 28). Harvard College founded. Providence founded by Roger Williams.
1637 (*æt.* 29). Comus published.		1637 (*æt.* 29). Trial of Hampden. Death of Ben Jonson.
1638 (*æt.* 30). Lycidas.	1638, Apr. (*æt.* 30). Sets out for Italy.	
1639 (*æt.* 31). Epitaphium Damonis.	1639, Aug. (*æt.* 31). Returns from Italy.	
	1640 (*æt.* 32). Removes to London.	1640, Nov. 3 — 1660, Mar. 16 (*æt.* 32–52). Long Parliament.
1641 (*æt.* 33). *Of Reformation in England.* *Of Prelatical Episcopacy.* *Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty.*		
		1642 (*æt.* 34). Civil War begins. Battle of Edgehill.
1643–1645 (*æt.* 35–37). *Divorce Pamphlets.*	1643, May (*æt.* 35). Marries Mary Powell.	
1644 (*æt.* 36). *Tract on Education.* *Areopagitica.*		1644, July 2 (*æt.* 36). Battle of Marston Moor.

V. CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE — *Continued.*

MILTON'S WORKS. (*Prose works in italics.*)	MILTON'S LIFE.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.
1645 (*æt.* 37). First edition of Minor Poems.	1645–1647 (*æt.* 37–39). Keeps school in the Barbican.	1645, June 14 (*æt.* 37). Battle of Naseby.
		1646 (*æt.* 38). Charles surrenders to the Scots.
		1647 (*æt.* 39). Jeremy Taylor, Liberty of Prophesying.
1649 (*æt.* 41). *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates. Eikonoklastes.*	1649, Mar. (*æt.* 41). Appointed Secretary for Foreign Tongues (Latin Secretary).	1649 (*æt.* 41), Jan. 30. Execution of Charles I. Rump Parliament. Council of State.
1651 (*æt.* 43). *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.*		1651 (*æt.* 43). Battle of Worcester.
	1652 (*æt.* 44). Becomes blind.	
		1653, Dec. 16 — 1658, Sept. 3 (*æt.* 46–50). Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector.
1654 (*æt.* 46). *Defensio Secunda.*		
1658 (*æt.* 50). Sonnet xxiii (last).		1658, Sept. 3 (*æt.* 50). Death of Oliver Cromwell.
Paradise Lost begun.		Sept. 3 — 1659, May 25. Richard Cromwell Lord Protector.

	1659 (*æt.* 51). Dismissed from office.	
1660 (*æt.* 52). *Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth.*	1660 (*æt.* 52). In hiding. June 16. Order for his arrest and the burning of his pamphlets. Sept.— Oct. Arrested, put in custody, and discharged.	1660 (*æt.* 52). Convention Parliament. May 29. Charles II. enters London as King. Aug. 29. Act of Indemnity (Milton included; regicides excepted).
		1662 (*æt.* 54). Royal Society chartered.
	1663, Feb. 24 (*æt.* 55). Marries Elizabeth Minshull, his third wife.	
		1665 (*æt.* 57). Great Plague.
		1666 (*æt.* 58). Annus Mirabilis. Great fire in London.
1667 (*æt.* 59). Paradise Lost.		1667 (*æt.* 59). Swift born.
		1670 (*æt.* 62). Dryden Poet Laureate.
1671 (*æt.* 63). Paradise Regained. Samson Agonistes.		
		1672 (*æt.* 64). Addison born.
1674 (*æt.* 66). Paradise Lost, second edition.	1674, Nov. 8 (*æt.* 66). Death, in London.	

VI. AIDS TO THE STUDY OF MILTON.

ONLY a few of the more prominent books on Milton can here be mentioned.

1. **Lives.**

Brooke, Milton, Classical Writers Series. (Appleton.)
Pattison, Milton, English Men of Letters Series. (Harper.)
Garnett, John Milton, Great Writers Series. (Scribner.)
Johnson, Life of Milton, with notes by C. H. Frith. (Macmillan.)
Masson, Life of John Milton, 6 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Lives by Brooke, Pattison, and Garnett are cheap and excellent. That by Garnett contains an extensive bibliography. Johnson's has chiefly an historical interest. Masson's is the authoritative work; notwithstanding the somewhat unfavorable review by Lowell, it is indispensable to the scholar, though too diffuse and circumstantial for ordinary use.

2. **Editions.**

Poetical Works, edited by Masson. (Macmillan.)
Poetical Works, Globe edition, edited by Masson. (Macmillan.)
Prose Works, edited by St. John, Bohn edition. (Macmillan.)
Treasures from Milton's Prose. (Ticknor & Fields.)
English Prose Writings, edited by H. Morley. (Routledge.)

The Globe edition of the poetry should be in the hands of every student, and the present work assumes that it is at least accessible to all. The other editions by Masson are each in three volumes, in two forms, at $5.00 and $10.00 respectively.

The Treasures from Milton's Prose may now be somewhat difficult to obtain. It is an interesting book, and no student of Milton can afford to be ignorant of so much of the author's prose as it contains. Morley's selections will answer, if the Treasures cannot be obtained.

3. Essays.

Besides those from which extracts are made in the Introduction, Addison's Spectator papers (edited by Cook; Ginn & Co.) and Macaulay's essay may be read with advantage. References to many others will be found in the Bibliography appended to Garnett's Life.

4. Lexicon.

Lockwood, Lexicon to the Poetical Works. *In preparation.* (Macmillan.)

5. Concordance.

Bradshaw, Concordance to the Poetical Works. (Macmillan.)

6. History of the Times.

Green, Short History of the English People.
Gardiner, The Puritan Revolution, Epochs of Modern History Series. (Longman.)

THE VERSE.

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin — rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also, long since, our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself to all judicious ears trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings — a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

THE ARGUMENT.

The First Book proposes first [1] in brief the whole subject — Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause [27] of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting [36] from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan [50] with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here not in the Centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him [79] who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions [299], who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise [331]; their numbers [338]; array of battle [347, 522]; their chief leaders named [376], according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan [589] directs his speech [621], comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven [637], but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of creature to be created [651], according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council [660]. What his associates thence attempt [671]. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises [710], suddenly built out of the Deep; the infernal Peers there sit [752] in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Theme and invocation.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,

I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first — for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell — say first what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If He opposed, and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,

Cause of the Fall demanded.

Satan; his overthrow and its result.

Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words

Satan in the fiery prison of Hell.

Beëlzebub, Satan's nearest mate.

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
'If thou beest he—but oh how fallen! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright!—if he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen—so much the stronger proved
He with His thunder; and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,

Satan reveals his character.

Nor what the potent Victor in His rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike His reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook His throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted His empire — that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.'

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer: —

'O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof His high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
Can perish — for the mind and spirit remains

Beëlzebub's gloomy questioning.

Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as His thralls
By right of war, whate'er His business be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do His errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminished, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?'
Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—
'Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure —
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will
Whom we resist. If then His providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled

Satan's indomitable purpose.

His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge that from the precipice
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.'

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works

His huge bulk.

Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights — if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill

The burning land on which they alight.

Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fueled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right; farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above His equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time;
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy, will not drive us hence;

Satan's acceptance of circumstances.

Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?'

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub

Beëlzebub's confidence in Satan's power to inspire.

Thus answered: — 'Leader of those armies bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers — heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal — they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth.'

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Satan's spear and shield.

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,

Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand —
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, — not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
His legions — Angel Forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded: — 'Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven — once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find

The numbers of his reclining host.

Satan rouses his followers with taunts.

To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!'
They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

The numbers of his flying host.

Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, upcalled a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain,—
A multitude like which the populous North

Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander — Godlike Shapes, and Forms
Excelling human; Princely Dignities;
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in Heavenly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life. **The infernal leaders.**
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold, —
And devils to adore for deities;
Then were they known to men by various names
And various idols, through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last, **The Muse invoked.**
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.

The chief leaders, afterwards gods of the heathen.

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront His light.
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears —
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire

Moloch.

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,

From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleale to the Asphaltic Pool—
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe—
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide—lust hard by hate—
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth—those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes.

Chemos, or Peor.

Baälim and Ashtaroth.

With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Astoreth. Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul.
Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
Thammuz, or Adonis. The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah.
Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped
Dagon. off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers;
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,

And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold;
A leper once he lost, and gained a king — Rimmon.
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished.
After these appeared
A crew who, under names of old renown — Osiris, Isis, Orus.
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train —
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox —
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equaled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled Belial.

With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and, when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine —
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned
The Ionian gods — of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents; — Titan, Heaven's first-born,

The gods of Greece.

With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon re-collecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears,
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honor claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies — all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds —
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving; with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable.
Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders — such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breathed, firm, and unmoved

The array of battle.

Their Dorian martial music.

With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.
And now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,

The review of the infernal legions.

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories; for never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes — though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side

Their superiority to all human armies.

Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabiba.
Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured — as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain —
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt — yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered; as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.

The ruined glory of their Commander.

He now prepared
He prepares to speak. To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers; attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—
'O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
Their strife was glorious. As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
The issue was unexpected. How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend
They may yet return. Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But He who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on His throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and His regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength concealed—
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Fraud must effect what force could not. Henceforth His might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread

New war provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption — thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.'

The new world mentioned.

They *must* escape.

No thought of submission.

He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with graspèd arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

The flash of swords and smiting of shields.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf — undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,

A mine projected.

A numerous brigade hastened, as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart.
Mammon led them on —
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid.
Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,

Mammon.

They mine, and smelt, and cast.

Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.
A third as soon had formed within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet —
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equaled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the archèd roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.
The hasty multitude
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known

The palace of Pandemonium rises.

In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

The architect was Mulciber, otherwise Hephaistos or Vulcan.

Meanwhile the wingèd Heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they, anon,
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came

The summons to the council.

The infernal estates convene.

Attended. All access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless — like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms

The swarms of lesser warriors.

Their transformation.

Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court.
But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat —
A thousand demigods on golden seats —
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

The inner conclave.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE consultation begun, Satan debates [11] whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven; some advise it [42], others dissuade [108]. A third proposal [299] is preferred [386], mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search [417]; Satan, their chief, undertakes alone [426] the voyage; is honored and applauded [477]. The council thus ended [506], the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them [523], to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey [629] to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them [648]; by whom at length they are opened [831], and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven [890]. With what difficulty he passes through [927], directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World [1051] which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
'Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost; from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—
Me though just right and the fixed laws of Heaven
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,
With what besides in council or in fight
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state

Satan's royal state.

Satan, assured of eminence in danger and suffering, invites counsel from his associates.

In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage, then,
To union and firm faith and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may speak.'

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up — the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and, rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake: —

Moloch's fierceness.

Moloch advises open war.

'My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest —
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait

The signal to ascend — sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of His almighty engine, He shall hear
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among His Angels, and His throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher Foe!
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;
The event is feared! Should we again provoke
Our Stronger, some worse way His wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned

In this abhorrèd Deep to utter woe —
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of His anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential — happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being! —
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb His Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, His fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.'

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit,
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low —
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began: —

Belial's suavity and duplicity.

'I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success —
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on His throne
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all His rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure —
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How He can
Is doubtful; that He never will is sure.
Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give His enemies their wish, and end
Them in His anger whom His anger saves
To punish endless? "Wherefore cease we then?"
Say they who counsel war; "we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst —
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,

Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view! He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow — to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror. This is now

Belial urges the omnipotence of God, and advocates submission and hopeful waiting.

Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting — since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.'
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake: —
'Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent,

And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in His presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His Godhead sing
Forced halleluiahs, while He lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and His altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue —
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable — though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, His glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers His throne, from whence deep thunders roar,

Mammon counsels independence, organization, and contentment with their lot.

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.'
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Mammon's speech applauded.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived — than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat — with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake: —

Description of Beëlzebub.

'Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon — not our safe retreat
Beyond His potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against His throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb reserved
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of His kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with His golden those in Heaven.

What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap His conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) — another World, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,

Beëlzebub suggests the invasion of Man's world.

And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In His own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of His kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it. Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset — either with Hell-fire
To waste His whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish His own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance, when His darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss —
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.'

Beëlzebub's plan, devised by Satan, is applauded.

Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel — first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews: —

'Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat — perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Reenter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new World? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.'

Beëlzebub puts question who shall first seek this new world.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared

To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt — but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonished. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage — till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake: —
'O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive Gulf.
If thence he scape, into whatever world
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume

All are silent, till Satan begins to speak.

He expatiates upon the danger, but decides to brave it alone.

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home —
While here shall be our home — what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable, — if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me.'

The assembly rises, and all extol their leader.

Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now —
Certain to be refused — what erst they feared;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised
That for the general safety he despised

His own; for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, — lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
  Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if — which might induce us to accord —
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!
  The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth
In order came the grand Infernal Peers;
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And godlike imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry and horrent arms.

Simile of sunset after storm; the concord of devils shames the dissensions of men.

Proclamation of the result.

Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great result;
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar;—
As when Alcides from Œchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots Thessalian pines,

The diversions of the fallen Angels.

And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea.
Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate
Free virtue should enthral to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate —
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute —
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame —
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for awhile or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge

Into the burning lake their baleful streams —
Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk; the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce:
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, — thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose

The exploration of the infernal regions.

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death, —
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile, the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell Satan's flight.
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole; so seemed
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed.
Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast — a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled,
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms.
The other Shape —

The serpent-woman at the gates.

If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either — black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.

Her companion, the shadowy king.

The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired —
Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned),
And with disdainful look thus first began: —
'Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee;
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.'

Satan's defiance of the phantom.

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied: —
'Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's Sons
Conjured against the Highest — for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

The goblin's scornful retort.

And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before!'
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
They prepare for combat. In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe.
And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
The snaky sorceress *interposes.* Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
'O father, what intends thy hand,' she cried,
'*Against* thy only son? What fury, O son,

Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom?
For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordained His drudge, to execute
Whate'er His wrath, which He calls justice, bids —
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.'
She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan returned: —
'So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.'

Satan questions her.

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:
'Hast thou forgot me, then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? — once deemed so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till, on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and called me Sin, and for a sign

Sin recounts her relations with Satan, and the origin of Death.

Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse — thee chiefly, who, full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamored; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remained
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed; but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out, 'Death!'
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, 'Death!'
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,

Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st — hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save He who reigns above, none can resist.'

She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth: —

'Dear daughter — since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change

Satan persuades Sin and Death to allow his exit.

Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of — know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of Spirits, that, in our just pretences armed,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and, one for all,
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the void immense
To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be — and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round — a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heaven; and, therein placed,
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, — though more removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know; and, this-once known, shall soon return
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed
With odors. There ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.'
He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire: —
'*The key* of this infernal Pit, by due

And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
But what owe I to His commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born —
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassed round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.'

Sin owns her allegiance to the author of her being.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook.

She opens the gates of Hell.

Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power. The gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep — a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him high arbiter,
Chance governs all.

The ocean of Chaos.

Into this wild Abyss —

The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave —
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds, —
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed
With noises loud and ruinous — to compare
Great things with small — than when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines, bent to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast Earth.

The terrors of the Abyss.

At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed —
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
Nor good dry land — nigh foundered on he fares,

Satan's toilsome and perilous journey.

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a griffin through the wilderness
With wingèd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light — when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: — 'Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,

He arrives at the throne of Chaos and Night.

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound. Direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.'
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answered: 'I know thee, stranger, who thou art —
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence — if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,

Satan offers to bring the new world under their dominion.

Chaos directs his further course.

Encroached on still through our intestine broils
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: — first, Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately, Heaven and Earth, another World,
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.'
He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way; harder beset
And more endangered than when Argo passed
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks,
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered.

Satan resumes his journey.

So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he;
But, he once passed, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven),
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom

God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursèd hour, he hies.

He at length pauses, and contemplates the new world.

NOTES.

BOOK I.

The Verse. Perhaps the best illustration of Milton's meaning may be found in a comparison of a passage from *Paradise Lost* with Dryden's imitation of it in *The Fall of Man.* The lines are, *P. L.* 1 : 315–325: —

> Princes, Potentates,
> Warriors, the Flower of Heaven — once yours, now lost,
> If such astonishment as this can seize
> Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
> After the toil of battle to repose
> Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
> To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
> Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
> To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
> Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
> With scattered arms and ensigns?

The passage from Dryden is: —

> Dominions, Powers, ye chiefs of Heaven's bright host
> (Of Heaven, once yours; but now in battle lost),
> Wake from your slumber! Are your beds of down?
> Sleep you so easy there? Or fear the frown
> Of Him who threw you hence, and joys to see
> Your abject state confess His victory?

One should especially note whether Dryden has here expressed anything 'otherwise, and for the most part worse,' than else he would have expressed it; whether Dryden's rime is 'trivial and of no true musical delight;' and whether Milton has, in addition to 'apt numbers,' and 'fit quantity of syllables,' 'the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another.'

Note the cæsuras of the successive Miltonic lines, then of those by Dryden.

What sort of readers did Milton expect and desire? See *P. L.* 7: 23–39.

6. For the beginning cf. Homer, *Il.* 1 : 1–9: 'Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son, the ruinous wrath that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls; and so the counsel of Zeus wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first strife parted Atreides, king of men, and noble Achilles. Who then among the gods set the twain at strife and variance? Even the son of Leto and of Zeus; for he,' etc. Milton may also have had in mind Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Book I, stanza 2, which runs thus in Fairfax's translation: —

> O Heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays
> Deckest thy brow by the Heliconian spring,
> But sittest crowned with stars' immortal rays
> In Heaven, where legions of bright angels sing;
> Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
> My verse ennoble.

Why should the theme be announced at the beginning? Why, (*a*) according to ancient ideas, (*b*) according to modern ideas, should a muse or a goddess be invoked? What, if anything, would be gained by abandoning the formula?

What is here effected by inversion?

Where in the Bible is this theme treated? Transcribe the verses which relate to it. Is there any distinction between Eden and Paradise?

2. **Mortal.** See *P. L.* 2 : 653, 729, 813.

4. Who is this 'greater Man'? See 1 Cor. 15 : 21, 22, 45, 47.

4–5. Landor would omit these (and so vv. 14–16), 'as incumbrances, and deadeners of the harmony.' Is there any reason why they should be retained?

5. **Restore.** Why subjunctive? **Blissful seat.** Cf. *P. L.* 1: 467; 2 : 347; 3 : 527; Virgil, *Æn.* 6 : 639, '*sedes beatas.*'

6. **Secret.** What is the meaning of the Latin verb *secernere?* Ovid has (*Met.* 11 : 765) '*secretos* montes colebat;' how should this be translated?

Top. Milton is here speaking of mountains and brooks. What *reason might he have* for introducing them? Cf. note on v. 15.

7. **Oreb.** For **Horeb**; see Exod. 3 : 1; Deut. 4 : 10–14. **Sinai.** See Exod. 19: 16–23.

8. **Chosen seed.** Deut. 10 : 15; 1 Chron. 16 : 13.

9. What verb is modified by **in the beginning?** Prove.

10. Define **Chaos.** Cf. *P. L.* 7 : 210–242.

11. **Siloa's brook.** Isa. 8 : 6. Pronounce **Siloa.**

12. **Fast by.** Define. **Oracle of God**; cf. 1 Kings 6 : 16.

14. **Middle.** Define. Cf. v. 516.

14–16. 'Supposing the fact to be true,' says Landor, 'the mention of it is unnecessary and unpoetical. Little does it become Milton to run in debt with Ariosto for his

> Cose non dette mai nè in prose o in rima.'

Cf. note on 4–5.

15. **Aonian.** Define. **Aonian mount** = Parnassus, a high mountain in Phocis, with two peaks, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, at whose foot was the city of Delphi and the Castalian spring. **Aonian mount** is a figurative expression; what does it signify?

Pursues. A Latinism; so in Virgil, *Georg.* 3 : 339–340, 'Quid pascua versu *prosequar?*'

16. **Rhyme.** Perhaps not to be confounded with *rime.* The latter is O E. *rīm*, but this etymology was obscured by the Greek ῥυθμός, from which the *rh* seems to have come. Hence two senses, as well as two forms. See my edition of Sidney's *Defense of Poesy*, note on 56_{17}. Is it true that this theme had never been attempted before?

17. For the divine mission of the poet, see Sidney, *Defense of Poesy*, 5_8–6_{26}.

18. **Heart.** 1 Cor. 3 : 16.

19. **Thou know'st.** So Theocritus, *Idyls* 22 : 116.

21. **Dove-like.** Luke 3 : 22. **Brooding.** This is the meaning of the Hebrew word rendered *moved* in Gen. 1 : 2. See *P. L.* 7 : 235; *Hymn on Nativity* 68. **Abyss.** See *P. L.* 2 : 910–916.

22–26. **What . . . men.** Landor would omit these lines; but memorize, for they are famous.

24. **Highth.** Milton's spelling, and so better: OE. *hiehthu.* **Argument.** Theme.

25. **Assert.** Defend, champion; a Latinism.

26. See note on vv. 214–215.

27. Cf. *Il.* 2 : 484–487 : 'Tell me now, ye Muses that dwell in the

mansions of Olympus — seeing that ye are goddesses and are at hand and *know all things*, but we hear only a rumor and know not anything, who were the captains of the Danaans and their lords.' Cf. Ps. 139 : 7, 8.

28. **Cause.** So *Æn.* 1 : 8: 'O Muse, relate to me the *causes*, tell me in what had her will been thwarted,' etc.

29. Meaning of **grand?**

34. 'I am sorry that Milton did not always keep separate the sublime Satan and "the infernal serpent."' — LANDOR. But see Rev. 12 : 9; 20 : 2.

35. **Envy.** See *P. L.* 9 : 466; p. 191, v. 2 ff. **Revenge.** This word occurs ten times more in the first two books.

36. What is the meaning of the word *Eve?* See Gen. 3 : 20.

What time. This seems to be of Northern origin. It is found in the *Ormulum* (*ca.* 1200), and in Coverdale's Bible. It has been retained in the Bible, as, e.g., Ps. 56 : 3.

37. **Cast out.** See note on v. 34.

38. Cf. p. 192, v. 45. Metrically considered, how does this line differ from any which have preceded it? Landor says: 'It is much to be regretted, I think, that he admits this metre into epic poetry. It is often very efficient in the dramatic, at least in Shakespeare, but hardly ever in Milton. He indulges in it much less fluently in *Paradise Lost* than in the *Paradise Regained*.'

39. Cf. *P. L.* 5 : 725; 6 : 88; 7 : 140.

40. Isa. 14 : 14. **To have equaled;** is this grammatically correct?

43. Cf. p. 193, v. 60.

44. Why the inversion? For the thought cf. p. 193, v. 62 ff.

44–49. **Him . . . arms.** Memorize.

45. See Isa. 14 : 12, 15; Luke 10 : 18; and cf. *P. L.* 6 : 824–874, and note on v. 745. Define **ethereal;** cf. *P. L.* 3 : 716 ff.; 5 : 267.

47. **Bottomless.** Inexhaustible; with a suggestion of 'bottomless pit,' *P. L.* 6 : 866 (from Rev. 20 : 3).

48. **Adamantine chains.** From the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, v. 6. Meaning? Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 646, 853.

49. **Durst.** The invariable preterit in Milton; OE. *dorste.* What is the modern preterit?

51. **Crew.** See vv. 477, 688, 751.

52. ***Gulf.*** *Define.*

53. **Confounded.** May there not be two or three meanings blended in this word? Study it in a good dictionary.

56. Define **baleful**; cf. *P. L.* 2 : 576; *Comus* 255.

57. **Witnessed.** Bore witness to.

58. Pronounce **obdurate.** On Satan as the hero of *Paradise Lost*, see Introduction, p. 35.

59. Define **ken.**

60. **Waste and wild.** Note the alliteration, and cf. *P. L.* 3 : 424.

61. **Dungeon.** So *P. L.* 2 : 317, 1003.

61–67. **A dungeon . . . to all.** Memorize.

62. **Great furnace.** See Rev. 9 : 2.

63. Cf. p. 194, v. 96. **Darkness visible.** The ultimate source of this thought may be Job 10 : 22: 'A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and *where the light is as darkness.*' Upon this is based the Chaucerian passage in the *Parson's Tale:* 'The *derke light* that shal come out of the fyr that evere shal brenne shal turne hym al to peyne.' Milton may have had Spenser in mind, as frequently (F. Q. I. i. 14): —

> His glistring armor made
> A little glooming light, much like a shade.

Cf. also *Il Pens.* 79–80: —

> Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Sallust, *Jugurtha* 21 : 2, has 'obscuro lumine.' Lucan, too, has a striking passage concerning a stormy night, which Milton may have noted (5 : 630–631): —

> Nec fulgura currunt
> Clara, sed obscurum nimbosus dissilit aer.

'(The lightnings run without flame, and, though the cloud bursts, it remains dark').

64. **Discover.** Cf. v. 724.

66. **Hope never comes.** What are the famous words of Dante (*Inf.* 3 : 9)? Was Milton a student of Dante? Cf. Introduction, p. 27.

68. **Urges.** A Latinism. Define.

69. **Sulphur.** See Rev. 19 : 20; 20 : 10.

70. **Prepared.** See Matt. 25 : 41.

72. **Utter darkness.** So *P. L.* 3 : 16; 5 : 614; and Shakespeare, *1 Hen. IV.* III. iii. 42. See Matt. 8 : 12; 22 : 13; 25 : 30; Jude 6. For the equivalence of *outer* and *utter* see Ezek. 10 : 5; 42 : 1. **Portion.** See Matt. 24 : 51.

74. 'Not very far for creatures who could have measured all that distance, and a much greater, by a single act of the will.' — LANDOR. Is this a just criticism? How long had it taken them to fall (*P. L.* 6 : 871; cf. 8 : 113–114)? Cf. the *Genesis* of the Pseudo-Cædmon, p. 193, v. 71.

In *Il.* 8 : 13–16, Zeus threatens: 'I will take and cast him into misty Tartaros, right far away, where is the deepest gulf beneath the earth, . . . *as far beneath Hades as Heaven is high above the earth.*' In *Æn.* 6 : 577–579, the Sibyl speaks: 'Then Tartarus itself yawns with sheer descent, and stretches down through the darkness twice as far as the eye travels upward to the firmament of heaven.'

78. **Weltering.** Define. See *Lyc.* 13.

81. **Beëlzebub.** See 2 Kings 1 : 2 ff.; Matt. 12 : 24. See Milton's description of him, *P. L.* 2 : 299–309. What indications of his character are given in *P. L.* 1 : 128–155, 271–282; 2 : 299–380? In what respect, if any, does he appear inferior to Satan?

Arch-Enemy. How does this term differ in meaning from the **Arch-Fiend** of *P. L.* 1 : 156, 209 (cf. **Arch-Foe**, *P. L.* 6 : 259)? What is the etymology of *fiend?* What the meaning of the word *Satan?*

With 81 ff. cf. p. 194, v. 108 ff.

83. **Horrid.** Why **horrid?** Has the word occurred before in this Book?

84. **Beest.** Is this the usual word?

But oh, etc. Note the anacoluthon in this speech. What is anacoluthon? What does this figure suggest on the part of the speaker?

How fallen! how changed. An allusion to Scripture and to Virgil. See Isa. 14 : 12, and *Æn.* 2 : 274.

What expressions in this speech are complimentary? Could Satan have any reason for using compliment? Are there any expressions denoting superiority? Why would not monologue have served as well in this place?

84–94. Mark the cæsural pauses, and note the number of syllables *which precede the pause* in the successive lines. Would uniformity

in this respect be preferable? Compare, in this respect, vv. 59–69. See, on the subject of Milton's rhythm, Introduction, pp. 30–31, 36–37.

86. Cf. p. 193, v. 54.

86–87. **Didst . . . bright.** Cf. *Odys.* 6 : 107–8 : 'High over all she [Artemis] rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known, — but all are fair!'

93. **Thunder.** A consultation of the following passages ought to be interesting : *P. L.* 1 : 174, 258, 601; 2 : 66, 166, 294. From a comparison of these with Shakespeare, *King Lear* II. iv. 230; *Troil.* II. iii. 11; *Cymb.* IV. ii. 271; V. iv. 30, 95, should you judge this to be a Christian or a pagan conception? See note on v. 199.

94. **Dire.** Define. See *P. L.* 2 : 589.

Yet not for those, etc. Cf. *Prometheus Bound* 1013–1016 : —

> Let him now hurl his blanching lightnings down,
> And with his white-winged snows, and mutterings deep
> Of subterraneous thunders, mix all things,
> Confound them in disorder! None of this
> Shall bend my sturdy will.

97. **Changed.** Modifies what word?

98. Lowell says (*Shakespeare Once More*) : 'Milton is saved from making total shipwreck of his large-utteranced genius on the desolate Noman's Land of a religious epic only by the lucky help of Satan and his colleagues, with whom, as foiled rebels and republicans, he cannot conceal his sympathy.'

101. **Innumerable force.** Define.

105–106. **What though . . . not lost.** Cf. Fairfax's Tasso 4 : 15 : —

> We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

105–109. **What though . . . overcome.** Memorize.

107. **Study.** What is the primary meaning of the Latin *studium?*

108–109. Note the following by Matthew Arnold, *The Study of Poetry* : —

'There can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of

high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently.'

The author then quotes Homer, *Il.* 3 : 243, 244; 17 : 443–445; 24 : 543; Dante, *Inf.* 33 : 49–50; 2 : 91–93; *Par.* 3 : 85; Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.* III. i. 20–22; *Hamlet* V. ii. 354–357, and adds: —

'Take of Milton that Miltonic passage: —

> Darkened so, yet shone
> Above them all the Archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek . . .
>
> *P. L.* 1 : 599–602.

add two such lines as: —

> And courage never to submit or yield;
> And what is else not to be overcome . . .
>
> *P. L.* 1 : 108–109.

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss —

> . . . which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world.
>
> *P. L.* 4 : 270–271.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.'

111. **To bow,** etc. Cf. *Prometheus Bound* 1023–1027: —

> Oh! think no more
> That I, fear-struck by Zeus to a woman's mind,
> Will supplicate him, loathèd as he is,
> With feminine upliftings of my hands,
> To break these chains! Far from me be the thought!

114. **Empire.** Define. Cf. Lat. *imperium.*

115. Scan the line.

116. **By fate.** Is this a Biblical conception? Why put into the mouth of Satan? **Gods.** See *P. L.* 1 : 138, 570; 2 : 391.

117. **Empyreal substance.** Cf. **heavenly essences,** v. 138; **fiery essence,** *Hymn on the Circumcision* 7. Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 433–435: —

> Since now we find this our empyreal form
> Incapable of mortal injury,
> Imperishable.

For the Scriptural warrant of this view, see Ps. 104 : 4. What is the etymology of **empyreal**?

123. Scan the line.

124. What is the usual Greek meaning of *tyrant*, and *tyranny*?

126. Cf. *Æn.* 1 : 208–209: 'Such were his words; sick at heart with a weight of care, hope in his looks he feigns, deep in his soul his grief he stifles.'

129. **That.** What is its antecedent? Define **embattled.**

Seraphim. The modern conceptions of the Seraphim and Cherubim are not directly derived from the Bible, but owe much to the treatise on the Celestial Hierarchies by the Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, of the fourth century, from which modern poets have freely drawn. Thomas Aquinas, in his *Summa Theologica*, thus treats the subject (*Quæst.* 108): —

'The name of Seraphim is not given from love alone, but from excess of love, which the name of heat or burning implies. Hence Dionysius interprets the name Seraphim according to the properties of fire, in which is excess of heat. In fire, however, we may consider three things. First, a certain motion which is upward, and which is continuous; by which is signified, that they are unchangingly moving towards God. Secondly, its active power, which is heat; . . . and by this is signified the influence of this kind of Angels, which they exercise powerfully on those beneath them, exciting them to a sublime fervor, and thoroughly purifying them by burning. Thirdly, in fire its brightness must be considered; and this signifies that such angels have within themselves an inextinguishable light, and that they perfectly illuminate others.

In the same way the name of Cherubim is given from a certain excess of knowledge; hence it is interpreted *plenitudo scientiæ*, which Dionysius explains in four ways: first, as perfect vision of God; secondly, full reception of divine light; thirdly, that in God himself they contemplate the beauty of the order of things emanating from God; fourthly, that, being themselves full of this kind of knowledge, they copiously pour it out upon others.'

So Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, Bk. I: —

'To proceed to that which is next in order from God to spirits, we find, as far as credit is to be given to the celestial hierarchy of that supposed Dionysius the senator of Athens, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, which are termed seraphim, the second to the angels of light, which are termed cherubim.'

To these add Byron, *Cain* I. i. 418: —

I have heard it said,
The seraphs *love most* — cherubim *know most*.

130. **Conduct.** A sense now somewhat rare. See *P. L.* 6 : 777; 9 : 630; so Shak., *King John* IV. ii. 129: 'Under whose *conduct* came those powers of France?' Is the meaning merely *guidance?*

134. **Rue.** Define.

135. **Foul.** Define. See v. 555.

137. **Laid.** Construction?

139. **Remains.** Account for the singular.

141. What word is to be understood before **extinct** and **swallowed?**

144. **Of force.** Cf. Shak., *1 Hen. IV.* II. iii. 120, where Hotspur's wife replies to his question, 'Will this content you, Kate?' in the words, 'It must *of force.*' Meaning?

145. **Than such.** Meaning of **such?** Is the repetition of **force,** in a different sense, felicitous?

147. **Strongly.** Meaning?

148. **Suffice.** Satisfy. The Latin *sufficere* would here require a dative. **Ire.** Etymology? Synonyms? Would it be better to avoid the rime it causes?

149. **Thralls.** One of the very few old English words borrowed from Scandinavian; see Emerson, *History of the English Language,* p. 155.

150. **By right of war.** Modifies what word? **His business.** Meaning of **his?** Cf. Luke 2 : 49: 'Wist ye not that I must be about *my Father's business?*'

154. **Being.** Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 98.

156. **Speedy words.** Like the Homeric 'winged words,' as, for example, in *Odys.* 1 : 122, and often.

157. **To be . . . suffering.** Memorize this apothegm. To what is it a reply? Why **Cherub,** instead of **Seraph?** See note on v. 129.

158. **Doing or suffering.** Milton has in mind the antithesis employed by Æschylus and Sophocles, as in Æschylus, *Eum.* 868; Soph. *O. C.* 267; consult the Greek Lexicon s. v. δράω, and see also *P. L.* 2 : 162, 199, 340. The Latin thus uses *facere et pati,* Liv. 2 : 12; Hor., *Od.* III. xxiv. 43.

166. **Which.** What is its antecedent?

167. **Fail.** Err. A Latinism, *nisi (ni) fallor;* so *Æn.* 5 : 49.

170. Is there a contradiction between this and *P. L.* 6 : 800–823, 880? If so, how is it to be solved? May **ministers** here refer to **hail,** v. 171, and **thunder,** v. 174? Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 836.

172. **O'erblown.** The meaning may be illustrated by Shak., *Temp.* II. ii. 114: 'Is the storm overblown?' The sense appears to be, 'The cessation of the hail hath calmed, stilled, the fiery surge.' If this is the meaning, it is an example of a past participle being used, as in Latin, for a verbal noun with a dependent genitive, — in this case the genitive being **hail.** But the syntax is not perfectly clear.

173. **Surge.** Image taken from what? Cf. *P. L.* 7 : 214; 10 : 417. What Latin verb underlies the word?

176. **Spent.** Define. See *P. R.* 4 : 366, 443; *Sams. Agon.* 1758.

Shafts. Cf. *P. R.* 3 : 305: 'They issue forth, steel bows and *shafts* their arms,' referring to the Parthians. Here *shafts* evidently = *arrows*. *Shaft* may therefore be regarded as equivalent to *bolt*, which originally meant the same thing. The missiles or projectiles of the thunder are compared to arrows, as in Tennyson's sonnet, *To J. M. K.*: —

> Thou from a throne
> Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
> *Arrows of lightnings.*

See also *P. L.* 6 : 546, 845.

182. **Livid.** What color, and from what cause? See vv. 69, 350.

185. **There rest.** Ellipsis of what?

185–190. Landor and Lowell observe that Milton here uses rime, Lowell thinks intentionally. What are the riming words?

186. **Afflicted.** A Latinism. Define. See *P. L.* 2 : 166; 4 : 939; 6 : 849–852.

187. **Offend.** Is this equivalent to *displease?* See *P. L.* 6 : 465.

193. **Uplift.** Why is the form different from that in *P. L.* 1 : 347; 2 : 7?

194. **Sparkling blazed.** So Spenser, *F. Q.* I. xi. 14: —

> His *blazing* eyes, like two bright shining shields,
> Did burne with wrath, and *sparkled* living fyre.

May Milton have derived any suggestions for this picture from Virgil's account of the serpents that destroy Laocoon and his sons, *Æn.* 2 : 203–210?

195. **Prone.** Define. **Large.** Apparently a Gallicism. Meaning?

196. **Rood.** How much space is covered by Tityus, *Æn.* 6 : 595–597? How much in *Odys.* 11 : 577?

198. **Titanian.** Who were the Titans, and for what were they

famous? **Earth-born.** See *P. L.* 4 : 360; *Vac. Exercise* 93. It is the Greek γηγενής, an epithet used in the *Prometheus Bound* (see note on next line).

199. **Briareos.** Virgil makes Briareus war on Jove, *Æn.* 10 : 565–568: 'Ægæon [another name for Briareus] was such as this, of whom they tell that he had a hundred arms and a hundred hands, fifty mouths and fifty chests, from which flames blazed, in the day when he fought against the thunderbolts of Jove.' But in *Il.* 1 : 401–406 he is an ally of Zeus.

Typhon. *Prom. Bound* 351–372 : —

> I have also seen,
> And pitied as I saw, the earth-born one,
> The inhabitant of old Cilician caves,
> The great war-monster of the hundred heads
> (All taken and bowed beneath the violent hand),
> Typhon the fierce, who did resist the gods,
> And, hissing slaughter from his dreadful jaws,
> Flash out ferocious glory from his eyes,
> As if to storm the throne of Zeus! Whereat,
> The sleepless arrow of Zeus flew straight at him, —
> The headlong bolt of thunder breathing flame,
> And struck him downward from his eminence
> Of exultation! Through the very soul
> It struck him, and his strength was withered up
> To ashes, thunder-blasted. Now he lies
> A helpless trunk supinely, at full length
> Beside the strait of ocean, spurred into
> By roots of Etna, — high upon whose tops
> Hephæstus sits and strikes the flashing ore.
> From thence the rivers of fire shall burst away
> Hereafter, and devour with savage jaws
> The equal plains of fruitful Sicily!
> Such passion he shall boil back in hot darts
> Of an insatiate fury and sough of flame,
> Fallen Typhon; — howsoever struck and charred
> By Zeus's bolted thunder!

Cf. Pindar, *Pyth.* 1 : 16–17: 'Typhon of the hundred heads, whom erst the den Kilikian of many names did breed.'

200. In what province was **Tarsus?**

201. **Leviathan.** Cf. *P. L.* 7 : 412–415. Perhaps referring to Ps.

104 : 26. The leviathan of Job 41 is generally understood to be a crocodile, and not a whale.

202. **Ocean stream.** The ocean is called a stream by Homer (*Il.* 14 : 245).

202. Lowell, *Milton:* 'When Mr. Masson tells us that . . . "either the third foot must be read as an *anapæst* or the word *hugest* must be pronounced as one syllable, *hug'st*," I think Milton would have invoked the soul of Sir John Cheek. Of course Milton read it —

Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream.

So Milton wrote it, in fact, or at least so the first edition had it.'

203 ff. The story is an old one. It is told in the fabulous mediæval zoölogies (*Physiologi*), in the Old English poem entitled *The Whale*, in the *Arabian Nights*, and in Olaus Magnus' (1490–1568) *History of the Northern Nations* (tr. into English in 1658). See also Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* 6 : 37, Hakluyt's *Voyages*, and my comparison of the different versions in *Modern Language Notes* for March, 1894.

204. **Night-foundered.** Does this mean *benighted, lost in the darkness*, as in *Comus* 483? Nothing better suggests itself, but this meaning of *founder* seems to be peculiar to Milton.

206. **Scaly.** Perhaps from Job 41, but some of the writers mentioned above use terms which likewise suggest the crocodile or a huge turtle. Milton did not invent the confusion.

207. **Lee.** Define.

208. **Invests.** See *P. L.* 3 : 10. **Wishèd morn.** See *Comus* 574, 950; *P. L.* 6 : 150.

209. Garnett calls attention to the 'sequence of monosyllables that paints the enormous bulk of the prostrate Satan.'

210. **Chained.** See 2 Pet. 2 : 4; Jude 6; Rev. 20 : 1. 2 Pet. 2 : 4 is now translated 'pits of darkness;' the former reading is explained as 'to darkness as if to chains,' which would make the Miltonic context easier of explanation (but see v. 48).

211. **Had.** Parse.

214–215. Garnett, *Milton*, pp. 153, 154: —

'It is easy to represent Paradise Lost as obsolete by pointing out that its demonology and angelology have for us become mere mythology. This criticism is more formidable in appearance than in reality. The vital question for the poet is his own belief, not the belief of his readers. If the Iliad has survived not merely the decay of faith in the Olympian divinities,

but the criticism which has pulverized Achilles as a historical personage, Paradise Lost need not be much affected by general disbelief in the personality of Satan, and universal disbelief in that of Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel. A far more vulnerable point is the failure of the purpose so ostentatiously proclaimed, "To justify the ways of God to men." This problem was absolutely insoluble on Milton's data, except by denying the divine foreknowledge, a course not open to him. The conduct of the Deity who allows his adversary to ruin his innocent creature from the purely malignant motive —

> That with reiterated crimes he might
> Heap on himself damnation,

without further interposition than a warning which he foresees will be fruitless, implies a grievous deficiency either in wisdom or in goodness, or at best falsifies the declaration :—

> Necessity and chance
> Approach me not, and what I will is fate.'

220. **Treble.** Name two synonyms. This use of *treble* in the sense of 'very great' suggests the use of Greek τρίς, English *thrice*, in such words as 'thrice-blessed.' Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 569; 7 : 631. **Poured.** Parse.

221. **Pool.** Is the word here used in its ordinary sense? Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 411; 9 : 77; *P. R.* 4 : 79. If Milton sometimes used it to translate the Lat. *palus*, how might that modify the customary sense? The Bible sometimes has it with nearly the Miltonic meaning, thus Isa. 14 : 23; cf. 41 : 18.

222–224. Describe this scene as it appears to the eye of your imagination.

224. Cf. p. 193, v. 69.

225. **Expanded wings.** Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 927.

226. **Incumbent.** So the winds are *incumbent* on the sea in *Æn.* 1 : 84. **Dusky air.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 72; 10 : 280.

227. **Unusual weight.** Spenser, *F. Q.* I. xi. 18 : —

> And with strong flight did forcibly divide
> The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
> Her flitting parts and element unsound,
> To beare so great a weight.

228. **Lights.** Milton uses *alight* only twice, *P. L.* 3 : 422; 4 : 396.

229. **Liquid fire.** So *liquidis ignis* in Virgil, *Ecl.* 6 : 33, from Lucr. 6 : 205, 349.

230. **Hue.** What color would this be?

231. **Transports.** Carries away.

232. **Pelorus.** Cape Faro in Sicily, opposite the Italian mainland, and near Ætna. Ovid, *Met.* 5 : 346–355 : 'The vast island of Trinacria is heaped up on the limbs of the Giant, and keeps down Typhœus, that dared to hope for the abodes of Heaven, placed beneath its heavy mass. He indeed struggles, and attempts often to rise, *but his right hand is placed beneath the Ausonian Pelorus*, his left under thee, Pachynus; his legs are pressed down by Lilybœum; Ætna bears down his head; under it Typhœus, on his back, casts forth sand, and vomits flame from his raging mouth; often does he struggle to throw off the load of earth, and to roll away cities and huge mountains from his body.' Cf. *Æn.* 3 : 571–582 (whence 'thundering Ætna'), and Longfellow's poem of *Enceladus*. Parse **side.**

234. **Fueled.** Define. **Entrails.** See *P. L.* 6 : 517; 9 : 1000; and cf. *viscera*, *Æn.* 3 : 575. **Conceiving.** A Latinism, *concipere ignem*, as in Ovid, *Met.* 7 : 108.

235. **Sublimed.** See *P. L.* 5 : 483. Define and parse. **Mineral fury.** Like the *furor æquinoctialis* of Catullus 46 : 2.

236. **Involved.** See *P. R.* 1 : 41.

238. **Unblest feet.** Do you know Ruskin's comment on this passage, *Mod. Painters*, Part 3, Sec. 2, Chap. 3? **Next mate.** See v. 192.

241. **Not.** So Aias [Ajax] in *Odys.* 4 : 502–504: 'And so would he have fled his doom, albeit hated by Athene, had he not let a proud word fall in the fatal darkening of his heart. He said that *in the gods' despite* he had escaped the great gulf of the sea.'

243. See note on v. 5.

244. **Change.** Take in exchange. A classic idiom. Thus *mutare*, *permutare* in Virg., *Georg.* 1 : 8; Hor., *Od.* I. xvii. 1; III. i. 47; ἀλλάσσειν, ἀμείβειν are similarly used in Greek. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Drink to me only with thine eyes:*—

> But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
> I would not *change* for thine.

246. **Sovran.** From the Ital. *sovrano*. Account for the usual spelling. **Dispose.** See *P. L.* 3 : 115; 4 : 635; *S. A.* 210, 506.

247. **Shall.** Is this a mere future, equivalent to *will?*

248. **Equaled.** What words to be supplied ?

249–255. **Farewell . . . Heaven.** Memorize.

251. So the hero of Sophocles' *Ajax*, vv. 395–397.

254. See *Comus* 381–385; *P. L.* 4 : 20–23, 75; Hor., *Ep.* I. xi. 27 (a sentiment which Milton once applied to himself, and wrote in an album); Lovelace, *To Althea from Prison*; and cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, Scene 3: —

> *Faust.* How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
> *Meph.* Why this is hell, nor am I out of it;
> Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
> And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
> Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
> In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

257. **But.** Perhaps = *except that I am.* If not, we should expect **equal to Him** instead of **less than He.**

258. **Thunder.** Cf. vv. 93, 174.

259. **Built.** But there was as yet no building; see vv. 710–717.

260. **For His envy.** An obscure phrase; the *general* sense is no doubt expressed by the critic Newton: 'This is not a place that God should envy us, or think it too good for us.'

262–263. Memorize. There are several parallels. Plutarch tells us that Cæsar, passing a small town with some friends, remarked, 'I had rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome.' But Milton seems to have followed very closely the lines in the *Adamus Exul* (1610) of Grotius: —

> Nam, me judice,
> Regnare dignum est ambitu, etsi in Tartaro;
> Alto præesse Tartaro siquidem juvat,
> Cœlis quam in ipsis servi obire munia.

Cf. *Prom. Bound* 966–967.

266. **Astonished.** Either 'bewildered' or 'dismayed;' perhaps literally 'thunderstruck,' like Lat. *attonitus*. See *P. L.* 1 : 317; 2 : 423; 6 : 838. **Oblivious.** Causing forgetfulness, as in *Macb.* V. iii. 43, 'oblivious antidote.' Cf. 'unexpressive' for 'inexpressible,' *Lyc.* 176; and Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* § 3.

268. **Mansion.** Not 'building,' but 'dwelling-place;' so *P. L.* 8 : 296.

269. **Rallied.** Define.

274–277. Lowell notes a rime here, and also an assonance.

276. **Edge.** See *P. L.* 6 : 108; *P. R.* 1 : 94; prob. from Lat. *acies*,

the front of an army, conceived of as the edge of a sword. Murray, *New Eng. Dict.*, assigns to it a different sense.

New. Almost = **anew?**

280. **Groveling and prostrate.** See **prone**, v. 195.

282. **Such a pernicious highth.** An accusative of extent of time, like 'spaces incomprehensible,' *P. L.* 8 : 20; 'many a dark league,' *P. L.* 10 : 438. **Pernicious.** Ruinous, fatal; see *P. L.* 6 : 849.

284–285. It has been said of Milton's epithets that they are 'pre-eminent for perfect music, beauty, and grandeur.' Do these lines furnish any illustration of the statement?

284–291. Garnett says (*Milton* pp. 164, 165): —

'His diction, the delight of the educated, is the despair of the ignorant man. Not that this diction is in any respect affected or pedantic. Milton was the darling poet of our greatest modern master of unadorned Saxon speech, John Bright. But it is freighted with classic allusion — not alone from the ancient classics — and comes to us rich with gathered sweets, like a wind laden with the scent of many flowers. "It is," says Pattison, "the elaborated outcome of all the best words of all antecedent poetry — the language of one who lives in the companionship of the great and the wise of past time." "Words," the same writer reminds us, "over and above their dictionary signification, connote all the feeling which has gathered round them by reason of their employment through a hundred generations of song." So it is, every word seems instinct with its own peculiar beauty, and fraught with its own peculiar association, and yet each detail is strictly subordinate to the general effect. No poet of Milton's rank, probably, has been equally indebted to his predecessors, not only for his vocabulary, but for his thoughts. Reminiscences throng upon him, and he takes all that comes, knowing that he can make it lawfully his own. The comparison of Satan's shield to the moon, for instance, is borrowed from the similar comparison of the shield of Achilles in the Iliad, but what goes in Homer comes out Milton. Homer merely says that the huge and massy shield emitted a lustre like that of the moon in heaven. Milton heightens the resemblance by giving the shield shape, calls in the telescope to endow it with what would seem preternatural dimensions to the naked eye, and enlarges even these by the suggestion of more than the telescope can disclose.'

Cf. Introduction, pp. 27, 28.

285. **Ethereal temper.** This looks like a sort of accusative of characteristic, though perhaps we may conceive of the preposition's being omitted, as in Abbott, *Shak. Gram.* §202. **Massy.** Milton

does not use 'massive;' **massy** usually of metals, as in *P. L.* 1 : 703; 2 : 878.

286. **Cast. Parse. Circumference.** By what figure of speech?

287. **Like the moon.** So *Il.* 19 : 373–374: 'Then lastly he [Achilles] took the great and strong shield, and its brightness shone afar off as the moon's.'

288. **Tuscan artist.** His name in *P. L.* 5 : 262; cf. 3 : 590. In his *Areopagitica* Milton says: 'There I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition.'

289. **Fesolè.** A town on the crest of a hill, 3 miles N. E. of Florence.

290. **Valdarno.** Valley of the Arno.

292. **To equal.** In comparison with. **Pine.** Hints for this, and the **mast** of the next line, may be found in *Odys.* 9 : 322; *Æn.* 3 : 659; Ovid, *Met.* 13 : 782; Tasso, *Jer. Del.* 6 : 40; Spenser, *F. Q.* III. vii. 40, etc. Cowley (flourished when?) says of Goliath:–

> His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
> Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.

292–296. **His spear . . . marl.** Memorize.

294. **Ammiral.** Flag-ship, admiral's ship. From Ital. *ammiraglia.*

296. **Marl.** Cf. v. 562. **Steps.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 71–73.

297. **Clime.** Is it easy to determine just what the word here means?

298. **Sore.** OE. *sārc*, grievously; cf. Ger. *sehr.* **Vaulted with fire.** See *P. L.* 6 : 214; *P. R.* 1 : 116.

299. **Nathless,** OE. *nā thȳ lǣs;* older word for *nevertheless.*

302. **Leaves.** The simile is a very old one, and was used by several poets before Milton. Can you mention any? Merrill, on Catullus 7 : 3, remarks: 'The sands of the seashore, the leaves of the forest, and the stars of the heavens, are the first types of infinite number that occurred to early man.' Cf. Gen. 22 : 17; *P. L.* 2 : 903; 5 : 745.

302–304. **Thick . . . embower.** Memorize.

303. **Vallombrosa.** Ital. *Valle ombrosa,* shady valley. It is about eighteen miles from Florence, and nearly 3000 feet above the sea. The monastery was founded about 1050, and suppressed in 1869; the present buildings were quite new when Milton visited the spot in

Sept., 1638. The poet Wordsworth says: 'The trees planted near the convent are mostly pines, but the natural woods are deciduous, and spread to a great extent.'

304. **Sedge.** The Hebrew name of the Red Sea is Reed Sea, or Sea of Rushes. Our term is derived from the Greek and Latin.

305. **Fierce winds.** Orion's rising and setting are accompanied by storms, according to the ancients; see *Æn.* 1 : 535–537; 7 : 719; Hor., *Od.* I. xxviii. 21; III. xxvii. 17; *Epod.* 15 : 7. **Orion.** See Longfellow, *Occultation of Orion.*

306. **Waves o'erthrew.** See Exod. 14 : 23–28.

307. **Busiris.** The name of an Egyptian king, according to Greek legend. Pharaoh being an official title, Milton, following Raleigh, here appropriates an individual name for his poetical purpose. **Memphian.** Memphis was the ancient capital of Egypt, the Noph and Memphis of the Bible. The Sphinx and the great pyramids are near Memphis. **Chivalry.** There were horsemen in Pharaoh's host (Exod. 14 : 28), but Milton extends the word **chivalry** to cover the whole army, and thus gives a mediæval tone to the passage.

309. **Sojourners.** See Exod. 12 : 40. **Goshen.** See Gen. 45 : 10; 47 : 27; Exod. 9 : 26.

310. **Safe.** Transferred epithet.

311. **Chariot-wheels.** Exod. 14 : 25. **So thick.** How thick? Is the reference to remote or near objects?

314. Cf. note on *P. L.* 2 : 406.

314–315. See Lowell's comment, Introduction, p. 32.

315. **Resounded.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 218.

316. **Flower.** So Lat. *flos*, Gr. ἄνθος.

317. **If.** That is, 'Heaven is now lost, if,' etc.

318 ff. Sarcasm.

320. **Virtue.** Cf. *P. L.* 11 : 690. What is the meaning of Lat. *virtus*?

326. **Pursuers.** See v. 170.

328. **Linkèd.** See *P. L.* 6 : 589. **Thunderbolts.** See *P. L.* 6 : 836.

329. **Transfix.** Perhaps a reminiscence of *Æn.* 1 : 44, *transfixo pectore.*

330. Memorize.

332. **As when.** Not strictly logical, but imitated from Homer and Virgil, as in *Il.* 2 : 147; *Æn.* 1 : 148.

335. **Not.** Fail to.

336. Landor criticises **In which they were** as prosaic.

337. **To.** Milton, save here, always employs the direct object with *obey;* so Shakespeare, with but two exceptions; the Bible has *to* in one place, Rom. 6 : 16. This construction is like that with Lat. *obœdire.* **General's.** As frequently in Shakespeare; not elsewhere in Milton.

338. **Potent rod.** See Exod. 4 : 2, 17; 8 : 5, etc.

339. **Amram's son.** Exod. 6 : 20.

340. **Coast.** See Exod. 10 : 4. Does it mean 'sea-shore'?

340–343. Exod. 10 : 12–15; cf. Rev. 9 : 3–10.

341. **Warping.** Define.

345. **Cope.** See *P. L.* 4 : 992; 6 : 215. 'Cope of heaven' is used as early as by Chaucer and Wyclif. What is the figure?

347. **Uplifted spear.** Cf. Josh. 8 : 18, 19, 26.

348. **Sultan.** What other titles does Milton employ for Satan?

351. **A multitude.** What triple comparison is introduced by **thick,** v. 302? What one gives the measure of **numberless,** v. 344? In what three different situations and postures were the evil spirits? **Populous North.** Scandinavia was anciently known as 'officina gentium.'

353. **Rhene.** Rhine; from Lat. *Rhenus.* **Danaw.** Danube; from Lat. *Danuvius,* through the German *Danau, Donau.* **When.** When did this migration of the peoples (Ger. *Völkerwanderung*) take place? Who were the Goths, the Vandals, and the Lombards? Who were their chief leaders, and what countries did they overrun?

354. **Deluge.** Cf. Isa. 59 : 19; Spenser, *F. Q.* II. x. 15.

355. **Libyan sands.** Catullus 7 : 3, *Libyssæ harenæ.*

357. **Heads and leaders.** Have there been any previous instances of synonymous terms used in couples? Can you suggest any reason for it?

359. **Dignities.** The abstract for the concrete; so 2 Pet. 2 : 10; Jude 8; cf. Lat. *dignitates,* Liv. XXII. xl. 4.

360. **Thrones.** See v. 128.

361–363. Ps. 9 : 5, 6; 69 : 28; Rev. 3 : 5; *P. L.* 5 : 658–659.

365. **Got them.** Reflexive.

366. **Sufferance.** See v. 241.

369–371. Ps. 106 : 20; Rom. 1 : 23.

372. ***Religions.*** Ceremonies, rites, like Lat. *religiones.*

373. **Devils.** Deut. 32 : 17; Ps. 106 : 37 ; 1 Cor. 10 : 20; Rev. 9 : 20. **To adore.** Dependent on what verb ?

375. **Idols.** In its etymological or primitive sense.

376. **Say, Muse.** So Homer, *Il.* 2 : 484, 487 : 'Tell me now, ye Muses . . . who were the captains of the Danaans and their lords.' Cf. *Æn.* 7 : 641.

Who first, who last. *Il.* 5 : 703: 'And now *who first* was slaughtered, and *who last*.' So 16 : 692, and *Æn.* 11 : 664.

378. Wherein did the Emperor, in Milton's time, differ from a king, as of France or England ?

381. **Pit.** See v. 91.

382. **Roaming.** 1 Pet. 5 : 8.

384. **Their altars.** 2 Kings 21 : 3–7.

387. **Between the Cherubim.** Exod. 25 : 22; Ps. 80 : 1.

389. **Abominations.** Jer. 7 : 30.

390. **Solemn feasts.** Lam. 2 : 6.

391. **Affront.** Confront ? or insult ?

392. **Moloch.** Properly Molech. 1 Kings 11 : 7; 2 Kings 23 : 10. Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 43–108; *Od. Nat.* 205–210. The word Molech means 'king.' **Besmeared with blood . . . and . . . tears.** Zeugma.

394. **Drums.** Kimchi, the Jewish commentator, says : 'They used to make a noise with drums, that the father might not hear the cry of his child and have pity on him.'

395. **Passed through fire.** Lev. 18 : 21; Ps. 106 : 37, 38; Jer. 32 : 35.

397. **Rabba.** 2 Sam. 12 : 26, 27.

398. **Argob, Basan.** Deut. 3 : 13.

399. **Arnon.** Deut. 3 : 12, 16. The Arnon was the boundary between Moab and Israel.

400. **Wisest heart.** Transferred epithet ?

401. **Build.** 1 Kings 11 : 7; 2 Kings 23 : 13.

403. **Grove.** Deut 16 : 21; 1 Kings 15 : 13; Exod. 34 : 13, 14.

404. **Hinnom, Tophet.** Jer. 7 : 31; 2 Chr. 28 : 31.

405. **Gehenna.** A Greek word derived from Hinnom, and in the New Testament translated 'hell;' so in Matt. 5 : 29, etc.

406. **Chemos.** 2 Kings 23 : 13.

407. **Aroar.** 1 Chr. 5 : 8. **Nebo.** Deut. 34 : 1.

408. **Abarim.** Num. 33 : 47; Deut. 32 : 49. **Hesebon.** Milton frequently uses the Vulgate forms in s, instead of sh. Num. 21 : 25.

409. **Horonaim.** Jer. 48 : 1–3. **Seon.** Vulg. *Sehon*, Auth. Vers. *Sihon.* Num. 21 : 26.

410. **Sibma.** Isa. 16 : 9; Jer. 48 : 32.

411. **Eleale.** Isa. 16 : 9; Jer. 48 : 34. **Asphaltic Pool.** The Greek and Latin name for the Dead Sea. Were the places named to the east or to the west of the Dead Sea and the Jordan ?

412. **Peor.** This is Jerome's identification. Num. 25 : 1–3, 9, 18. See *Od. Nat.* 197.

416. **Hill of scandal.** See v. 403.

417. **Lust hard by hate.** Cf. *P. L.* 9 : 1121–1131, and 2 Sam. 13 : 15.

418. **Drove.** 2 Kings 23.

419. **Bordering.** Gen. 15 : 18.

420. **Old.** Because noticed in Gen. 2 : 14. **Brook.** Newton suggests Besor, 1 Sam. 30 : 9.

422. **Baälim and Ashtaroth.** Judg. 2 : 11–13; 10 : 6. Both words are plurals. Baal was the supreme male divinity of the Phœnician and Canaanitish peoples, As(h)toreth (Greek Astarte) their supreme female divinity. Cf. *Od. Nat.* 197; *P. R.* 3 : 117.

426. Cf. *P. L.* 8 : 624–625.

433. **Living Strength.** 1 Sam. 15 : 29.

436. **Bowed down.** Judg. 2 : 14, 15; Ps. 106 : 40–42.

438. **Astoreth.** Singular of Ashtaroth. See *Od. Nat.* 200. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, p. 424: 'All Semitic nations, except the Hebrews, worshiped a supreme goddess who presided over the moon (or the Star of Love), and over all animal and vegetable life and growth. She was the Istar of the Assyrians, the Astarte of the Phœnicians, and is the analogue of the Greek Aphrodite and the Latin Venus.'

441. Zeugma.

443. **Offensive mountain.** See v. 403.

444. **Large.** 1 Kings 4 : 29.

445. **Idolatresses.** 1 Kings 11 : 1–5.

446. **Thammuz.** Ezek. 8 : 13, 14. See *Od. Nat.* 204. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 450–451: 'Adonis . . . is the Phœnician *Adon*, or the Hebrew *Adonai*, "Lord." The myth derives its origin from the Babylonian worship of Thammuz or Adon, who represents the verdure of spring, and whom his mistress, the goddess of fertility, seeks, after his death, in the lower regions. With their departure all birth and fruitage cease on the earth. . . . His burial is attended with

lamentations. . . . The beautiful 15th Idyl of Theocritus contains a typical Psalm of Adonis, sung at Alexandria, for his resurrection.' See *Comus* 998–1002, and my edition of Addison's *Criticisms on Paradise Lost*, p. 47.

447. **Annual wound.** Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 10 : 727.

449. **Amorous ditties.** See *P. L.* 11 : 584.

450. **Smooth.** See *Vac. Ex.* 100; *Comus* 825; *P. L.* 4 : 459.

456. **Dark idolatries.** Ezek. 8 : 12.

459. **Maimed.** 1 Sam. 5 : 1–5.

460. **Grunsel.** For *groundsill*, threshold.

462. **Dagon.** Cf. *S. A.*, *passim*, but especially vv. 437–478.

463. **Fish.** In 1 Sam. 5 : 4, the marginal reading for 'stump' is 'fishy part;' the stem *dag* means 'fish.' The fish-like form was a natural emblem of fruitfulness. Were the Philistines a sea-faring people?

464. **Azotus.** N. T. name for Ashdod (Acts 8 : 40).

465. **Ascalon.** For these cities see 1 Sam. 6 : 17.

466. **Accaron.** Vulgate form of Ekron.

467. 2 Kings 5 : 18.

469. **Abbana and Pharphar.** 2 Kings 5 : 12. Milton's spelling **Abbana** has no authority. The Authorized and Revised Versions have *Pharpar*. **Lucid streams.** Quintilian, X. xii. 60, 'amnis lucidus;' so Ovid, *Met.* 2 : 365, 'lucidus amnis.'

471. **Leper.** 2 Kings 5 : 1–14.

472. **Ahaz.** 2 Kings 16; 2 Chron. 28 : 20–24.

477. **Crew.** See v. 51.

478. What can you discover about these divinities? See *Od. Nat.* 211–220.

479. **Abused.** See *P. R.* 1 : 455. Define.

481. See Ovid, *Met.* 5 : 321–331: 'Typhœus, sent forth from the lowest realms of the earth, had struck terror into the inhabitants of Heaven, and they had all turned their backs in flight, until the land of Egypt had received them in their weariness. . . . The gods above had concealed themselves under assumed shapes, . . . the sister of Phœbus as a cat, Juno, the daughter of Saturn, as a snow-white cow, . . . Mercury, the Cyllenian god, beneath the wings of an ibis.' So Apollodorus, I. vi. 3.

482. **Scape.** Not 'scape; cf. *scapegrace.*

483. **Borrowed.** Exod. 12 : 35.

484. **Calf.** Exod. 32 : 4; Ps. 106 : 19. **King.** 1 Kings 12 : 28, 29.

486. **Likening.** Ps. 106 : 20.

487. **Passed.** Exod. 12 : 42.

488. **Equaled.** Exod. 12 : 29.

489. **Bleating.** Cf. Shak., *W. T.* IV. iv. 29.

490. **Belial.** 2 Cor. 6 : 15. In the O. T., *Belial* is not to be regarded as a proper name, nor as standing for a deity, but as meaning 'worthlessness,' 'wickedness,' almost in the abstract. See *P. L.* 2 : 108–228.

495. **Eli's sons.** 1 Sam. 2 : 12, 22.

497–502. Cf. *P. L.* 11 : 714–718. Was Milton thinking of any contemporaries?

502. **Flown.** The participle of *fly*, confused with that of *flow*, as occasionally in Spenser and Shakespeare. The word here seems to mean 'debauched,' like the Lat. *fluens;* cf. Liv. VII. xxix. 5, 'Campani *fluentes* luxu.' For such a use of the past participle in the sense of the present, cf. 'fair-spoken,' Shak., *Hen. VIII.* IV. ii. 52; 'moulten,' *1 Hen. IV.* III. i. 152; and 'forgotten' = forgetful, *Ant.* I. iii. 91; Abbott, *Shak. Gram.*, § 374.

503. **Sodom.** Gen. 19 : 4–8.

504. **Gibeah.** Judges 19 : 16–25. **The hospitable doors.** The first edition has **hospitable doors.**

505. **Exposed a matron.** The first edition has **yielded their matrons.**

506. **Prime.** Chief.

508. **Ionian.** This word is etymologically akin to *Javan*, and the Ionians were descended from Javan. **Javan's.** Gen. 10 : 2. **Held.** Accounted, considered.

510. **Titan.** Meaning Oceanus. So in Hesiod, *Theog.* 133.

511. **Brood.** The Oceanids, Hes., *Theog.* 337 ff.

512. **Saturn.** Rather, Cronos. See Hes., *Theog.* 168 ff.

513. **Son.** Hes., *Theog.* 453 ff.

514. **Crete.** Hes., *Theog.* 477 ff.

515. **Ida.** In Crete ; see Pausanias V. vii. 6. **Thence.** Leaving that place. **Snowy.** So *Il.* 1 : 420 ; 18 : 615.

517. **Delphian cliff.** Parnassus. So called by Sophocles, *O. T.* 463 ; cf. *Od. Nat.* 178.

518. **Dodona.** *Odys.* 14 : 327: 'He had gone, he said, to Dodona, *to hear the counsel* of Zeus from the high leafy oak tree of the god.'

519. **Saturn.** *Æn.* 8 : 319–325. But Saturn is not there represented as having companions.

520. **Adria.** The Adriatic Sea. **Hesperian.** Italian, or, perhaps, Italian and Spanish.

521. **Celtic.** Used as a noun, as in Latin and Greek. N. W. Europe is meant. **Roamed.** With direct object; cf. *P. L.* 9 : 82; *P. R.* 1 : 502. **Utmost.** British. Cf. Plutarch (*Cessation of Oracles* 18): 'Demetrius said, that of the islands lying about Britain there were many desert. . . . In that region also, they said, Saturn was confined in one of the islands by Briareus, and lay asleep.' To the same effect he says (*Apparent Face in the Moon's Orb* 26): 'In one of which [islands] the barbarians fable that Saturn is imprisoned by Jupiter, while his son lies by his side, as though keeping guard over those islands and the sea.'

523. **Damp.** Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 848; 11 : 293, 544.

528. Cf. *P. L.* 9 : 471.

529. **Worth, not substance.** Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* II. ix. 2. 9.

530. First edition, **fainted,** which would then have been good English, since *faint* is used as a transitive verb by Chaucer and Shakespeare.

531. **Straight.** Define.

532. **Clarions.** A clarion is a shrill-sounding trumpet with a narrow tube. Cf. Fairfax's Tasso 1 : 74. Note the imitative sound.

533. **Claimed.** So in *Piers Plowman*, C. 23 : 95–96 :—

> Elde the hore was in the vauntwarde
> And bar the baner byfore Deth; by right he hit claymede.

534. **Azazel.** This is the Hebrew word rendered 'scapegoat' in Lev. 16, but it has also been rendered 'strong in retreating,' and used as a proper name 'for some demon or devil by several ancient authors, Jewish and Christian.'

536. **Imperial.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 378; 2 : 446; 5 : 801. **Ensign.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 775–776. In the following extract from Webster's *Reply to Hayne*, point out the words taken from this passage: 'Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre.'

Advanced. Not 'carried forward,' as is shown by *P. L.* 5 : 588–590, but 'uplifted,' or perhaps 'waved,' as frequently in Shakespeare.

537–543. Memorize.

538. **Emblazed.** See *P. L.* 5 : 592. The *New Eng. Dict.* distinguishes the senses in these two instances.

540. Leigh Hunt, *What is Poetry*, remarks: '*Strength* is the muscle of verse, and shows itself in the number and force of the marked syllables; as,

Sonòrous mètal blòwing màrtial sòunds.

. . . . . .

Unexpected locations of the accent double this force, and render it characteristic of passion and abruptness. And here comes into play the reader's corresponding fineness of ear, and his retardations and accelerations in accordance with those of the poet: —

Then in the keyhole turns
The intrĭcăte wards, and every bolt and bar
[Of massy iron or solid rock with ease]
Unfastens. On ă sŭddĕn ŏpen fly
Wĭth ĭmpètuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.

Abŏmĭnăblĕ, inŭttĕrăblĕ, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned.

Wàllŏwĭng ŭnwĭěldў, ĕnòrmous in their gait.'

How many words of Latin origin are there in this line?

543. **Reign.** Kingdom; Lat. *regnum.* **Chaos and old Night.** Frequently associated by Milton, as in *P. L.* 2 : 895, 970; 3 : 18; 10 : 477. Night is the daughter of Chaos, according to Hesiod, *Theog.* 123.

545. **Ten thousand.** How does this compare with the number in *P. L.* 5 : 588? What is the Greek word for *ten thousand*, and what English word is derived from it?

546. **Orient.** Bright. Is this the usual modern sense? What is the meaning of the Latin verb from which it is derived?

547. **Forest.** A poetical image for spears, used by Virgil, Lucan, Statius, Tasso, and Scott, and in the poem of Beowulf. **Thronging.** See *P. L.* 6 : 83.

548. **Serried.** Define. See *P. L.* 6 : 599.

550. Landor objects: 'Thousands of years before there were phalanxes, schools of music, or Dorians.' Is this a valid criticism? If not, why not?

Dorian mood. The two great passages of ancient writers on the Dorian mood, or harmony, are from Thucydides and Plato. Describing the battle of Mantinea, B.C. 418, Thucydides says (5 : 70): 'The Argives and their allies advanced to the charge with great fury and determination. The Lacedæmonians moved slowly and to the music of many flute-players, who were stationed in their ranks, and played, not as an act of religion, but in order that the army might march evenly and in true measure, and that the line might not break, as often happens in great armies when they go into battle.'

Plato, in discussing the different kinds of music, makes Socrates say (*Rep.* 3 : 399): —

'Of the harmonies I know nothing, but I want to have one warlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance.' Then, after describing the Phrygian harmony, Socrates adds: 'These two harmonies I ask you to leave: the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave.'

Professor Gildersleeve says (*Pindar*, p. lxxv): 'The Dorian mood was manly and imposing, like the Dorians themselves; not expansive nor lively, but grave and strong. What it lacked in liveliness and variety, it made up by steadiness and impressiveness. . . . It is the mood for the tug of war, where the staying quality is priceless.'

551. **Recorders.** A kind of flageolet. The word occurs in Shakespeare, *Haml.* III. ii. 303, 360; *M. N. D.* V. 123. On the latter Rolfe has: 'Nares says the instrument was so called because birds were taught to *record* by it; one of the meanings of *record* being "to worble." Cf. Browne, *Brit. Past.* 2 : 4: —

> The nymph did earnestly contest
> Whether the birds or she recorded best.'

556. **Swage.** See *S. A.* 184.

560. **Breathing united force.** From *Il.* 3 : 8: 'But on the other side marched the Achaians in silence *breathing courage, eager at heart to give succor man to man.*'

561. **Charmed.** Two things should be remembered about this word — its connection with music and with magic, both through Lat. *carmen.* See *P. L.* 2 : 566.

563. **Horrid.** What is the primary sense of this word in Latin? Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 710, and 'bristled,' *P. L.* 6 : 82.

568. **Traverse.** Pronounce.

569. **Battalion.** See *P. L.* 6 : 534.

571. **Sums.** Cf. 1 Chr. 21 : 1–5.

Landor says: 'I wish he had not ended one verse with "his heart," and the next with "his strength."' One might add that the collocation of 'heart' and 'hardened' in successive lines is not musical; but cf. Exod. 8 : 15; Dan. 5 : 20.

571–587. Jebb (*Homer*, pp. 16–17) has the following interesting remarks :—

'It is . . . important . . . to perceive the broad difference between the Homeric epic and the literary epic of later ages. The literary epic is composed, in an age of advanced civilization, by a learned poet. His taste and style have been influenced by the writings of many poets before him. He commands the historical and antiquarian literature suitable to his design. He composes with a view to cultivated readers, who will feel the more recondite charms of style, and will understand the literary allusions. The general character of the literary epic is well illustrated by the great passage of Paradise Lost where Milton is saying how far "beyond compare of mortal prowess" were the legions of the fallen Archangel. . . .

It is a single and a simple thought — the exceeding might of Satan's followers — that Milton here enforces by example after example. A large range of literature is laid under contribution, — the classical poets, the Arthurian cycle, the Italian romances of chivalry, the French legends of Charlemagne. The lost angels are measured against the Giants, the Greek heroes, the Knights of the Round Table, the champions of the Cross or the Crescent, and the paladins slain at Roncesvalles. Every name is a literary reminiscence. By the time that "Aspramont" is reached, we begin to feel that the progress of the enumeration is no longer adding anything to our conception of prowess; we begin to be aware that, in those splendid verses, the poet is exhibiting his erudition. But this characteristic of the literary epic — its proneness to employ the resources of learning for the production of a cumulative effect — is only one of the traits which are exemplified by this passage. Homer would not have said, as Milton does, that, in compar-

ison with the exiled Spirits, all the chivalry of human story was no better than, "*that small infantry warred on by cranes;*" Homer would have said that it was no better than the Pygmies. Homer says plainly and directly what he means; the literary epic likes to say it allusively; and observe the turn of Milton's expression,—"*that* small infantry;" *i.e.*, "the small infantry which, of course, you remember in the third book of the Iliad." Lastly, remark Milton's phrase, "since created Man," meaning, "since the creation of Man." The idiom, so familiar in Greek and Latin, is not English, and so it gives a learned air to the style; the poet is at once felt to be a scholar, and the poem to be a work of the study. Homer's language is everywhere noble, but then it is also natural. So, within the compass of these few lines, three characteristics may be seen which broadly distinguish the literary epic from Homer. It is learnedly elaborate, while Homer is spontaneous; it is apt to be allusive, while Homer is direct; in language it is often artificially subtle, while Homer, though noble, is plain.'

Cf. Garnett, *Milton*, p. 152.

572. **In his strength.** Modifies what?

573. 'What an admirable pause is here [after glories]!'—LANDOR.

Since created man. A Latinism, for 'since the creation of man.' Cf. *Comus* 48; *P. L.* 5 : 247; 10 : 332, 687; and the common phrase *ab urbe condita* = 'after the foundation of the City.'

574–576. Landor would omit the words between **force** and **though,** together with the word **giant.**

575. Addison censures this as a pun (p. 39 of my edition). Cf. Jebb, *supra.*

576. **Warred on by cranes.** Cf. *Il.* 3 : 3–6.

577. **Phlegra.** In Pindar's (522?–443? B.C.) first Nemean ode, Teiresias prophesies of Herakles, 'saying that when on Phlegra's plain the gods should meet the giants in battle, beneath the rush of his arrows their bright hair should be soiled with earth.' Ovid (43 B.C.–17 A.D.) represents Apollo as declaring (*Met.* 10 : 150–151): 'In loftier strains have I sung of the Giants, and the victorious thunderbolts scattered over the Phlegræan plains.' Phlegra was in Thrace.

578. Name some of those that fought at Thebes and Ilium.

579. **Auxiliar.** Rare in this form.

580. **Uther's son.** King Arthur. See Tennyson, *Palace of Art* 105, and *The Coming of Arthur.*

581. Modern name of Armorica?

583. **Jousted.** Define and pronounce.

Aspramont, Montalban. 'Romantic names of places mentioned in Orlando Furioso.' — NEWTON.

584. 'All these places are famous in romances for joustings between the baptized and infidels.' — NEWTON. Landor objects to **Damasco** as being un-English, and as causing hiatus with the next word. The form is Italian; see Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* 17 : 18; 18 : 3 ff.

For Milton's 'muster-rolls of names,' cf. *P. L.* 4 : 268–283; 11 : 388–411; Introduction, p. 33; and especially Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*. Authors like Coleridge and Longfellow often excel in this particular.

585. 'That is, the Saracens who passed from Biserta in Africa to Spain.' — NEWTON.

586. 'Mariana and the Spanish historians are Milton's authors for saying that he and his army were routed in this manner at Fontarrabbia, which is a strong town in Biscay at the very entrance into Spain, and esteemed the key of the kingdom.' — NEWTON. Cf. *Marmion* 6 : 33. Was Charlemagne slain on that occasion?

588. **Compare.** See *P. L.* 3 : 138; 6 : 705; 9 : 228; *S. A.* 556. Perhaps originally *compeer* (so *New Eng. Dict. s. v.*).

Observed. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* 4 : 210–212: 'Neither Egypt, nor mighty Lydia, nor the Parthian tribes, nor Median Hydaspes, so deeply reverence (*observant*) their king.' For a similar, but not identical use, see *P. L.* 10 : 430.

589–599. Cf. Lewes, *Principles of Success in Literature:* 'Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, lays down the proposition that distinctness of imagery is often injurious to the effect of art. "It is one thing," he says, "to make an idea clear, another to make it *affecting* to the imagination. If I make a drawing of a palace or a temple or a landscape, I present a very clear idea of those objects; but then (allowing for the effect of imitation, which is something) my picture can at most affect only as the palace, temple, or landscape would have affected in reality. On the other hand, the most lively and spirited verbal description I can give raises a very obscure and imperfect *idea* of such objects; but then it is in my power to raise a stronger *emotion* by the description than I can do by the best painting. This experience constantly evinces. The proper manner of conveying the *affections* of the mind from one to the other is by words; there is great insufficiency in all other method of communi-

cation; and so far is a clearness of imagery from being absolutely necessary to an influence upon the passions, that they may be considerably operated upon without presenting any image at all, by certain sounds adapted to that purpose." If by image is meant only what the eye can see, Burke is undoubtedly right. But this is obviously not our restricted meaning of the word when we speak of poetic imagery; and Burke's error becomes apparent when he proceeds to show that there "are reasons in nature why an obscure idea, when properly conveyed, should be more affecting than the clear." He does not seem to have considered that the idea of an indefinite object can only be properly conveyed by indefinite images; any image of Eternity or Death that pretended to visual distinctness would be false. Having overlooked this, he says, "We do not anywhere meet a more sublime description than this justly celebrated one of Milton, wherein he gives the portrait of Satan with a dignity so suitable to the subject. . . . Here is a very noble picture," adds Burke, "and in what does this poetical picture consist? In images of a tower, an archangel, the sun rising through mists, or an eclipse, the ruin of monarchs, and the revolution of kingdoms." Instead of recognising the imagery here as the source of the power, he says, "The mind is hurried out of itself [rather a strange result!] by a crowd of great and confused images; which affect because they are crowded and confused. For, separate them, and you lose much of the greatness; and join them, and you infallibly lose the clearness." This is altogether a mistake. The images are vivid enough to make us feel the hovering presence of an awe-inspiring figure having the height and firmness of a tower, and the dusky splendour of a ruined archangel. The poet indicates only that amount of concreteness which is necessary for the clearness of the picture, — only the height and firmness of the tower and the brightness of the sun in eclipse. More concreteness would disturb the clearness by calling attention to irrelevant details. To suppose that these images produce the effect because they are crowded and confused (they are crowded and not confused) is to imply that any other images would do equally well, if they were equally crowded. "Separate them, and you lose much of the greatness." Quite true; the image of the tower would want the splendor of the sun. But this much may be said of all descriptions which proceed upon details. And so far from the impressive clearness of the picture vanishing in the crowd of images, it is by

these images that the clearness is produced; the details make it impressive, and affect our imagination.'

589–602. **He . . . faded cheek.** Memorize.

589–620. 'Where, in poetry or painting, shall we find anything that approaches the sublimity of that description?' — LANDOR.

590. **Eminent.** Etymological meaning?

591. **Stood like a tower.** Probably from Dante, *Purg.* 5 : 14, 'Sta come torre ferma,' who may have had in mind Statius or Seneca. Cf., however, 2 Sam. 22 : 3; Ps. 18 : 2; 144 : 2; Jer. 6 : 27.

591–593. Matthew Arnold, *On Translating Homer*, says: 'I may discuss what, in the abstract, constitutes the grand style; but that sort of general discussion never much helps our judgment of particular instances. I may say that the presence or absence of the grand style can only be spiritually discerned; and this is true, but to plead this looks like evading the difficulty. My best way is to take eminent specimens of the grand style. . . . For example, when Homer says: —

ἀλλά, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σὺ· τίη ὀλυφύρεαι οὕτως;
κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων,

(Be content, good friend, die also thou! why lamentest thou thyself on this wise? Patroclus, too, died, who was a far better than thou.) — *Iliad* 21 : 106–107.

that is in the grand style. When Virgil says: —

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,

(From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort: learn success from others.) — *Æneid* 12 : 435–436.

that is in the grand style. When Dante says: —

Lascio lo fele, et vo pei dolci pomi
Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;
Ma fino al centro pria convien ch' io tomi,

(I leave the gall of bitterness, and I go for the apples of sweetness promised unto me by my faithful Guide; but far as the centre it behoves me first to fall.) — *Inferno* 16 : 61–63.

that is in the grand style. When Milton says: —

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured,
— *P. L.* 1 : 591–593.

that, finally, is in the grand style.'

592. **Her.** Cf. Ps. 137 : 5. What is the gender of Lat. *forma*?

594. **Sun.** Cf. *Rich. II.* III. iii. 62–67.

597. **Disastrous.** There is a latent astrological sense in this word, as in *disaster*, *Haml.* I. i. 118. Explain. See Trench, *Study of Words*, Lect. IV. Were eclipses formerly regarded as portentous?

598–599. **With fear,** etc. 'It is said that this noble poem was in danger of being suppressed by the licenser on account of this simile.' — NEWTON.

599–602. See note on vv. 108–109.

601. **Intrenched.** So Shakespeare, *A. W.* II. i. 45.

603. **Considerate.** Cf. *Rich. III.* IV. ii. 30.

604. **Revenge.** Cf. v. 107.

605. **Remorse and passion.** Define. Is this perhaps an instance of hendiadys, as in Virgil, *Georg.* 2 : 192?

609. **Amerced.** Deprived. The word carries with it the suggestion of a penalty or fine. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* III. i. 195.

611. **How.** Follows **behold,** v. 605.

612. **Heaven's fire.** Old English has *heofonfȳr* for *lightning*; see my *First Book in Old English*, Selection VIII.

613. **Scathed.** Define.

614. **Growth.** Cf. *Comus* 270 ; *P. L.* 4 : 629.

615. **Blasted heath.** From *Macb.* I. iii. 77.

616. **Bend.** So in *P. L.* 4 : 978–980.

619. **Thrice.** Imitated from Ovid, *Met.* 11 : 419–421: 'Three times attempting to speak, three times she moistens her face with tears, and sobs interrupting her affectionate complaints, she says.' Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* I. ii. 41. 7–8.

620. 'What an admirable pause [after **forth**]!' — LANDOR.

624. **Not inglorious.** So Ovid, *Met.* 9 : 5–6: '*Nor* was it so *disgraceful* to be overcome, as it is glorious to have engaged.' **Event.** Issue, result. Cf. v. 134.

625. Does not the repetition of **dire** look like an inadvertence ?

627. **Foreseeing or presaging.** How are these two verbs to be discriminated?

629. **How.** *How* is sometimes used at the beginning of object clauses, in the sense of *that*, with an added connotation of manner. Cf. vv. 217, 611, 695, 740. **United force.** Cf. v. 560.

632. **Puissant.** Define.

633. **Emptied Heaven.** Cf. Rev. 12 : 4; *P. L.* 2 : 692; 5 : 710; 6 : 156. Gregory the Great makes the number of fallen angels one-half of the whole. In the Pseudo-Cædmon the number is not made specific. The phrase here is rhetorical exaggeration.

634. **Self-raised.** Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 75–81. Do not neglect the explanation given by Dante, *Par.* 1 : 82–142.

636. **Host of Heaven.** Cf. *P. R.* 1 : 416; 1 Kings 22 : 19. For another sense see Deut. 4 : 19; 2 Kings 17 : 16.

642. 'But *tempted* our *attempt*. Such a play on words would be unbecoming in the poet's own person, and even on the lightest subject, but is most injudicious and intolerable in the mouth of Satan, about to assail the Almighty.' — LANDOR.

Cicero has *statuam statuerunt, cursus cucurrerunt*, and similar phrases. Addison (p. 40 of my edition) allows that 'some of the greatest ancients have been guilty' of this kind of speech, but calls it 'poor and trifling.'

645. **Provoked.** When once it has been provoked. A use of the participle common in Greek and Latin.

650. **Space.** Why not God?

651. **Fame.** Rumor, report. So in Latin.

656. **Eruption.** See *P. L.* 8 : 235.

660–662. **Despaired.** Like Latin *desperatus*. So **think** (cf. *P. L.* 9 : 830).

662. **Understood.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 121; 2 : 187. How has Satan brought them to this resolve? What objections would they have made at first?

664. **Millions of flaming swords.** So Fairfax's Tasso, 5 : 28 : —

> With that a thousand blades of burnished steel
> Glistered on heaps like flames of fire in sight.

This may have been suggested by Silius Italicus 1 : 500.

664. **Thighs.** A Homeric expression; thus *Il.* 1 : 194.

666–668. **Highly . . . war.** Onomatopoetic. **Highly . . . Highest.** Another etymological paronomasia, as in v. 642.

668. Milton may have had in mind Ammianus Marcellinus

(XXV. iii. 10), speaking, under date of A.D. 363, of Julian the Apostate: 'When he was brought back to his tent, the soldiers flew to avenge him, agitated with anger and sorrow; and, striking their spears against their shields, determined to die if Fate so ordered it.' According to the same author (XV. viii. 15), applause was indicated by the rattling of shields against the knees, while striking the shield with the spear was a token of anger and indignation. This was with reference to the applause following Constantius' speech to Julian, on giving him the title of Cæsar, A.D. 355. Bentley, therefore, would seem to have been in error, when, in his comment on the Miltonic line, he said: 'The known custom of the Roman soldiers, when they applauded a speech of their general, was to smite their shields with their swords.' If he has in mind Scipio Africanus' address (B.C. 207) to the mutineers in Spain (Liv. 28 : 29), at which the loyal troops clashed their swords upon their shields, this is expressly stated to have been for the purpose of inspiring terror in the others. Otherwise the custom of applauding by the rattling of weapons was Celtic (Cæsar, *B. G.* VII. xxi. 1.) or Germanic (Tacitus, *Germ.* 11; *Hist.* V. xvii. 4).

670. **Grisly.** Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 704; 4 : 821; *P. R.* 4 : 430. Define.

671. **Belched.** Like Lat. *eructare*, as in *Æn.* 3 : 576.

672–673. Landor remarks: 'It was hardly worth his while to display in this place his knowledge of mineralogy, or his recollection that Virgil, in the wooden horse before Troy, had said,

Uterumque armato milite complent;

and that some modern poets had followed him.' But cf. *Haml.* I. i. 136–137: —

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the *womb* of earth.

674. Cf. Jonson, *Alchemist*, Act 2, Sc. 1:

It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.

Special appropriateness of **sulphur** here?

Winged with speed. For this and similar collocations of **winged** and **speed**, see *P. L.* 2 : 700; 4 : 788; 5 : 744. So 'winged haste,' Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV.* IV. iv. 2.

675. **Brigade.** Milton's spelling is *brigad.* The stress is of course on the first syllable.

675–678. 'Nothing is gained to the celestial host by comparing it with the terrestrial. Angels are not promoted by brigading with sappers and miners.' — LANDOR.

676. **Pioneers.** Milton spells, **pioners.**

677. **Camp.** Perhaps nearly = *army,* as in *Sams. Agon.* 1497.

678. **Cast.** Cf. *Od. Nat.* 123. **Mammon.** 'This name is Syriac, and signifies riches. *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,* says our Saviour, Matt. 6 : 24. . . . Some look upon Mammon as the God of riches, and Mammon is accordingly made a person by our poet, and was so by Spenser before him, whose description of Mammon and his cave our poet seems to have had his eye upon in several places.' — NEWTON.

For Spenser's Mammon see *F. Q.* Bk. 2, Canto 7, the whole of which is well worth reading with care. For Milton's view of riches see *P. R.* 2 : 426–456. For Mammon's speech see *P. L.* 2 : 229–283.

679. **Erected.** Not only 'erect,' 'upright,' but also 'aspiring,' 'high-souled,' as in *P. R.* 3 : 27; a sense of Lat. *erectus.* So Cicero couples *celsus* and *erectus,* now in the literal, now in the figurative sense.

679–684. **Mammon . . . beatific.** Memorize.

682. **Heaven's pavement.** Rev. 21 : 21; cf. *Il.* 4 : 2, 'golden floor.'

684. **Vision beatific.** Cf. *On Time* 18; *P. L.* 3 : 62. The beatific vision is the direct vision of God, as described by Dante in the last canto of the *Divine Comedy.* Cf. vv. 97–105 (Cary's trans.): —

> With fixed heed, suspense and motionless,
> Wondering I gazed; and admiration still
> Was kindled, as I gazed. It may not be
> That one who looks upon that light can turn
> To other object, willingly, his view.
> For all the good that will may covet, there
> Is summed; and all, elsewhere defective found,
> Complete.

685–687. So Ovid, *Met.* 138–140: 'Men even descended into the entrails of the earth; and riches were dug up, the incentives to vice, which the earth had hidden.'

688. **Treasures better hid.** From Horace, *Od.* III. iii. 49–50: 'Undiscovered gold, then better placed when earth conceals it still.'

689. **Wound.** Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 1 : 101–102: 'The earth . . . *wounded* by no ploughshares.' Again, in *Met.* 2 : 286–287, the Earth speaks: 'I endure *wounds* from the crooked plough.'

690. **Digged.** Why not *dug*? **Admire.** Wonder. So *P. L.* 2 : 677. A Latinism.

690–692. **Let none . . . bane.** Memorize.

692. **Precious bane.** An oxymoron, like 'pious fraud,' or Shakespeare's (*Rom.* I. i. 186) 'Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health.'

693. **Boast in.** The *in*, for *of*, is possibly a Latinism. Cf. Ps. 44 : 8; also Ps. 34 : 2.

694. **Babel.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 466–468. Others explain it as Babylon, or the temple of Belus in that city. **Works.** Probably the Pyramids. Ancient authors relate that 360,000 men were employed for nearly twenty years on one of the Pyramids. **Memphian.** See note on v. 307.

696. Newton explains **strength** and **art** as nominatives.

700. **Cells.** Furnaces; see v. 706.

703. **Founded.** Fused, melted; so Lat. *fundare*. Cf. Eng. *foundry*.

704. **Bullion.** Impure gold or silver. Here used as an adjective. Milton, in his *Church Government*, speaks of 'extracting gold and silver out of the drossy bullion of the people's sins.'

707. **Hollow nook.** When an iron furnace is tapped, the molten iron flows in a glowing stream down long channels in a bed of sand. Side channels branch out on each side of the main channels, as near to each other as possible, and these are filled with the iron. These smaller channels, called 'pigs,' are what Milton evidently means by 'hollow nooks.'

708. **Organ.** 'This simile is as exact as it is new. . . . Milton frequently fetches his images from music, . . . as he was very fond of it, and was himself a performer upon the organ and other instruments.' — NEWTON.

710–712. Memorize.

711. **Like an exhalation.** See *Il.* 1 : 359, 'rose like a mist;' Tennyson, *Tithonus* 63, 'While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.' Thus buildings rose in some of the masques of the period, to the sound of music. At the Twelfth Night masque of 1637, at Whitehall, 'in the further part of the scene the earth opened, and there

rose up a richly adorned palace, seeming all of goldsmith's work, with porticoes vaulted on pillars of rustic work. . . . Above these ran an architrave, frieze, and cornice.'

712. **Symphonies.** Harmonies. See *P. L.* 3 : 368; 5 : 162; 11 : 595; *Od. Nat.* 132.

713. **Pilasters.** Define this, **Doric pillars, architrave, cornice,** and **frieze.** See Addison's criticism of these terms at p. 41 of my edition.

714. **Doric.** Cf. v. 550. Why not Corinthian ?

716. **Bossy.** In high relief, embossed.

717. **Roof was fretted gold.** 'Fretwork is fillets interwoven at parallel distances. This kind of work has usually flowers in the spaces, and must glitter much, especially by lamplight.' — NEWTON. **Roof** may be taken in the sense of 'ceiling,' and, since fretted, may translate Lat. *laquear. Laquear aureum,* as in *Æn.* 1 : 726, would thus be exactly 'roof of fretted gold.'

718. **Alcairo.** El-Kahirah, the city of victory, now known as Cairo. The city was built, after the capture of Memphis by the Arabians in 638, about six miles distant from the latter.

720. **Belus.** The temple of Belus is described by Herodotus, 1 : 181–183.

723. **Her stately highth.** An accusative of extent. Define *straight.*

724. So Ovid, *Met.* 4 : 762–763: 'The folding doors thrown open, the entire gilded halls are displayed.'

725. **Ample spaces.** *Ampla spatia* is found in Seneca, *Herc. Fur.* 673.

726–730. **From . . . sky.** Cf. *Æn.* 1 : 726–727: 'From the fretted roof of gold hang down the burning lamps, and night gives place to flaming torches.'

728. **Cressets.** Define.

729. **Asphaltus.** Define. Why are these substances used, instead of other illuminating oils?

730. **Hasty.** Adjective used almost as an adverb, somewhat as *horizontal,* v. 595.

734. **Sceptred angels.** Like the 'sceptred chiefs' of *Il.* 2 : 86.

736. **Gave to rule.** Like Lat. *mulcere dedit, Æn.* 1 : 66. Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 243; 9 : 818; *P. R.* 4 : 385.

737. **Hierarchy.** The nine orders of the hierarchy are, according

to the Pseudo-Dionysius (see note on v. 129), (1) Seraphim, (2) Cherubim, (3) Thrones, (4) Dominions, (5) Virtues, (6) Powers, (7) Principalities, (8) Archangels, (9) Angels.

740. **Mulciber.** Another name for Hephaistos, or Vulcan, from Lat. *mulcere*, to soften, in allusion to this property of fire. See Ov. *Met.* 2 : 5.

Fell. Homer puts into the mouth of Hephaistos the account of his own fall. Speaking to his mother Hera, he says (*Il.* 1 : 590–593): 'Yea, once ere this, when I was fain to save thee, he [Zeus] caught me by my foot and hurled me from the heavenly threshold ; all day I flew, and at the set of sun I fell in Lemnos, and little life was in me.'

742. **Sheer.** Define. **Crystal battlements.** Cf. *P. L.* 2 : 1049; 6 : 860.

Daniel Webster, in a letter to Rev. Mr. Brazer (Nov. 10, 1828), makes the following comment on this passage: 'What art is manifest in these few lines! The object is to express great distance and great velocity, neither of which is capable of very easy suggestion to the human mind. We are told that the angel fell a day, a long summer's day; the day is broken into forenoon and afternoon, that the time may seem to be protracted. He does not reach the earth till sunset; and then, to represent the velocity, he "drops," one of the very best words in the language to signify sudden and rapid fall, and then comes a simile, "like a falling star." '

745. Landor calls this a noble line, but insists that 'the six following are quite superfluous,' and are 'insufferable stuff.'

For the simile, cf. *Il.* 4 : 75–78 : 'Even as the son of Kronos the crooked counsellor sendeth a star, a portent for mariners or a wide host of men, bright shining, and therefrom are scattered sparks in multitude; even in such guise sped Pallos Athene to earth.' Cf. *P. R.* 4 : 619–620; *Comus* 80–81.

746. Find Lemnos on the map. **Ægæan.** The stress on the first syllable.

748. **Availed.** Cf. the similar use of χραισμεῖν, as in *Il.* 5 : 53, and of *prodesse*, *Æn.* 11 : 843.

750. **Engines.** Contrivances, devices, inventions, like Lat. *ingenia.*

751. Sarcasm.

753. **Awful.** Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 847. Define.

756. **Pandemonium.** It has been remarked that several features of the building erected by Mulciber (cf. especially lines 713–717, 725 ff.) suggest the Pantheon. This view was no doubt suggested by the fact that Milton coined the word Pandemonium on the evident analogy of Pantheon. The hint had been found in Henry More's *Song of the Soul*, 1642 (Part 1, p. 40), where we read: —

> On Ida hill there stands a castle strong;
> They that it built call it *Pantheothen*.
> Hither resort a rascal rabble throng
> Of miscreant wights. But if that wiser men
> May name that sort, *Pandemoniathen*
> They would it clepe.

758. **Squarèd.** Cf. *P. L.* 8 : 232. **Squarèd regiment** = squadron; see the etymology of the latter word.

759. With this assembly of the fallen angels cf. **Fairfax's Tasso**, Bk. IV. Which is the more impressive?

761. **Access.** Entrance-way, channel of approach. So *Æn.* 8 : 229.

763. **Covered field.** What notion does this give us of the size of the hall? What was the size of the lists described in the seventh chapter of *Ivanhoe*?

764. **Wont ride.** *Wont* is seldom used with the simple infinitive, without *to* (see v. 332). In Shakespeare the only instance is *Oth.* II. iii. 190 (Abbott's *Shak. Gram.* § 349), and here the folio editions have *to*. In OE., *wunian* sometimes had the prepositional, sometimes the simple infinitive. How is *wont* related to *wunian*?

Soldan's. *Soldan* for *Sultan*, Ital. *Soldano*.

765. **Paynim** is a doublet of *paganism*, derived through the Old French. It was early used in OF. itself, however, and then in English, to denote 'pagan;' so by Spenser, *F. Q.* V. viii. 26, etc.

766. What difference between these two kinds of jousting? Cf. *Ivanhoe*, chap. viii.

767. **Swarmed.** Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 526.

768. **Hiss of rustling wings.** Notice the sibilancy. Milton perhaps had in mind the *Prom. Bound* 124–126: —

> Alas me! What a murmur and motion I hear
> As of birds flying near!
> And the air undersings
> The light stroke of their wings.

As bees. *Il.* 2 : 87–91: 'Even as when the tribes of thronging bees issue from some hollow rock, ever in fresh procession, and fly clustering among the flowers of spring, and some on this hand and some on that fly thick; even so,' etc. Imitated in *Æn.* 6 : 706–709.

768–788. Landor thinks the 'poem is much better without these,' and in any case would retrench, in lines 772–775, or on . . . affairs.

769. Cf. Virgil, *Georg.* 1 : 217.

770. See *Georg.* 4 : 21–22.

771. **Fresh dews.** So Ovid, *Fasti* 3 : 880, 'rore recente.' See also *Lyc.* 29.

773. **Straw-built. Gray has borrowed this epithet for his *Elegy*.**

774. **Balm.** The *melisphyllum* of *Georg.* 4 : 63. **Expatiate.** Wander at will; so Ovid, *Met.* 2 : 202, '*expatiuntur* equi.' **Confer.** Talk over, discuss. A Latinism.

776. **Straitened.** Cf. *P. L.* 9 : 323. **Signal given.** *Æn.* 12 : 129, 'dato signo.'

777. Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 351–353. 'I wish I had not been called upon to "Behold a wonder."' — LANDOR.

778. Cf. v. 576.

780. **Pygmean.** Cf. v. 575.

781. **Beyond the Indian mount.** According to Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* VII. ii. 19.

783–784. **Sees, or dreams he sees.** So *Æn.* 6 : 454, 'Aut videt, aut vidisse putat.'

785. **Arbitress.** Spectator. Night and Diana are called *arbitræ* in Hor. *Ep.* 5 : 50.

786. **Pale course.** An instance of transferred epithet. *Æn.* 7 : 8–9, 'Nec candida cursus Luna negat.' Milton may also have had in mind Hor., *Epist.* I. iv. 5–7.

795. **Recess.** Retreat. Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 708.

796. **A thousand.** A round number, as often in poetry; cf. note on v. 545. **Golden.** Inlaid with gold, probably; so the χρύσειος θρόνος of *Il.* 8 : 442.

797. **Frequent.** Crowded. Apparently limits **conclave**, since **full** could hardly modify a plural. May **conclave** be therefore used in its Latin sense of 'chamber,' 'locked room'? This sense was then current in English, and seems to agree better with **recess.** Or may **frequent and full** possibly limit **seats?** If so, why **full?** Several critics have here supposed that **conclave** alluded to the assembly

of Cardinals met for the election of a Pope. See **consistory**, *P. R.* 1 : 42.

798. **Summons read.** See note on v. 573. **Consult.** Meeting for consultation. The *New Eng. Dict.* has: 'in 17th century often specifically a secret meeting for purposes of sedition or intrigue; a cabal.'

At this point, if not before, the Introduction should be carefully perused, and the views of the poet-critics in Part IV. compared with those which the student himself has formed.

BOOK II.

1. **High,** etc. Why the inversion? The beginning may have been suggested by Ovid, *Met.* 2 : 1-2: 'The palace of the Sun was raised high, on stately columns, bright with radiant gold, and carbuncle that rivals the flames.' See also *F. Q.* I. iv. 8.

1-6. **High . . . eminence.** Memorize.

2. **Wealth of Ormus and of Ind.** 'That is, diamonds, a principal part of the wealth of India, where they are found, and of the island Ormus, in the Persian gulf, which is [was] the mart for them.' — PEARCE. Perhaps Milton may have heard of the Koh-i-nur, in the possession of Aurungzebe. To Ben Jonson, Ormus was the island from which drugs were brought. Abel Drugger, who deals in tobacco and minerals used in alchemy, is indirectly promised by Subtle: —

> There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
> That shall yield him such a commodity
> Of drugs ——.

Considering the relations between Andrew Marvell and Milton, it is interesting to find the former writing, in his *Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*: —

> He hangs in shades the orange bright
> Like golden lamps in a green night,
> And does in the pomegranates close
> *Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.*

3. Landor suggests **there** for **or,** saying, 'Are not Ormus and Ind within the gorgeous East?'

4. It is said that this was done at the coronation of Tamerlane. **Barbaric . . . gold.** From *Æn.* 2 : 504, 'barbarico . . . auro,' where it means Phrygian or perhaps other Asiatic gold. See Shak., *Ant.* II. v. 45–46: —

> I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
> Rich pearls upon thee.

Pearl. Plural. So *Sonn.* 12 : 8, and often in Shakespeare.

5. **By merit.** Like Lat. *merito*, deservedly, justly.

6. **Eminence.** Twofold sense? **Despair.** See *P. L.* 1 : 126.

9. **Success.** Issue, result; a Shakespearian sense.

10. **Proud imaginations.** Cf. Luke 1 : 51; Jer. 3 : 17; Rom. 1 : 21; 2 Cor. 10 : 5.

11. **Powers and Dominions.** See note on 1 : 737.

14. **Give.** Esteem, as in Shak., *W. T.* III. ii. 96 : 'Your favor I do *give* lost.' It is difficult to decide between this sense and that of 'give up,' or, on the other hand, that of 'admit,' 'allow.'

18. **Me though,** etc. Why the inversion? What is the last verb which governs **me?** Cf. Hor., *Od.* I. v. 13.

Note that Satan will allow nothing to the election of God.

32. **None,** etc. Yet cf. *P. L.* 1 : 262–263.

33. **Precedence.** Pronounce.

34. **That.** What part of speech?

35. **With this advantage,** etc. Is it true that adversity often establishes closer confederations than prosperity?

40–42. **By . . . speak.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 662; *F. Q.* VII. vi. 21: —

> Wherefore it now behoves us to *advise*
> *What way is best* to drive her to retire,
> Whether by *open force* or counsell wise;
> Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise.

See also II. **xi.** 7: —

> T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle.

43. **Moloch.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 392–405. Macaulay, in his *Essay on Milton,* compares James II. to Moloch. What renders this plausible? **Sceptred king.** As in *Il.* 1 : 279.

45. **Fiercer by despair.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 191; 2 : 107, 126.

46. **Trust.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 40; Job 40 : 23; Luke 24 : 21.

50. **Recked.** Define.

51. **Sentence.** Judgment, vote. **Open war.** What is finally decided upon? By whom devised? How many opinions have first been expressed, by whom, and to what purport?

55. **Millions.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 664.

57. **Heaven's fugitives.** *Fugitivus* with the genitive is a Latin construction.

58. **Opprobrious.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 403.

61. **All at once.** When the celebrated Edmund Burke was about eighteen years of age, he was a member of a debating club in Dublin. From the minutes of this club we learn (Todd's edition of Milton, vol. I. p. 156): 'Friday, June 5, 1747, Mr. Burke, being ordered to speak the speech of Moloch, *receives applause for the delivery, it being in character.* Then the speech was read and criticized upon; its many beauties illustrated; the chief judged to be its conformity with the character of Moloch : —

> No, let us rather choose,
> Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
> O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way.

The words "all at once" (the metre not considered) seemed to the whole assembly to hurt the sentence by stopping the rapidity and checking the fierceness of it, making it too long and tedious. Then was Belial's speech read, to the great delight of the hearers.'

62. **Towers.** Cf. vv. 129, 1049.

64 ff. Cf. *Prom. Bound* 920–923: —

> Such a foe
> He doth himself prepare against himself,
> A wonder of unconquerable hate,
> An organizer of sublimer fire
> Than glares in lightnings, and of grander sound
> Than aught the thunder rolls,— outthundering it.

65. **Almighty engine.** See *P. L.* 6 : 749–766, 844–852.

67. **Black fire.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 63, 182.

69. **Mixed.** Disturbed, convulsed. Imitated from the poetical sense of Lat. *miscere*, as in *Æn.* 1 : 124; 2 : 487. **Tartarean.** Infernal.

70. **His own invented torments.** Torments invented by himself.

72. **Upright.** Meaning here?

73. **Bethink.** Cf. *Comus* 820. **Them.** Define. **Drench.** Draught.

74. **Forgetful lake.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 266, and note.

75. **Proper.** Define. Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 634; 8 : 619. So Lat. *proprius*.

76. **Native seat.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 633–634.

77. **Adverse.** Contrary, unnatural.

82. **Event.** See *P. L.* 1 : 624.

83. **Our Stronger.** Cf. 'our betters.'

88. **Unextinguishable fire.** *Il.* 16 : 132, ἀσβέστη φλόξ.

89. **Exercise.** Plague, afflict. So the Lat. *exercere*, in *Æn.* 6 : 739.

90. **Vassals.** Cf. v. 252.

91. **Torturing hour.** Cf. *Haml.* I. v. 2; *M. N. D.* V. i. 37.

92. **Calls.** Why not *call?* **Penance.** Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 550.

94. **What.** Like Lat. *quid*. Define. **Incense.** Kindle, inflame. A Latinism. Cf. Ps. 2 : 12; Isa. 5 : 25.

97. **Essential.** Existence, being.

104. **Fatal.** Ordained by fate. A Latinism. Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 133.

106. **Denounced.** Announced, menaced. A Latinism. Cf. *P. L.* 11 : 815.

109. **Belial.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 490–505; 6 : 620–627. Macaulay compares Charles II. to him; see note on v. 43. **Act.** Action accompanying the delivery of a speech. A Latinism, as in Quintilian IX. ii. 4. So *action* in *Haml.* I. ii. 84. **Humane.** Polite; as in Latin. Note the effect of contrast in this succession of speeches, as in *Il.* 1 : 223–249.

113. **Manna.** A sweet sirup or gum exuded from certain plants. Not the manna of the Bible. Here almost = 'honey.'

113–114. **Make the worse appear The better reason.** Literally from the Greek; see Plato, *Apol.* 18 B, and cf. Aristophanes, *Clouds* 114.

114. **Dash.** Frustrate; so in Shak. *3 Hen. VI.* II. i. 118, 'to *dash* our late decree.'

123. **Conjecture.** Interpretation (of omens), augury, foreboding. An obsolete sense.

124. **Feat of arms.** French, *fait d'armes*.

127. **Utter dissolution.** Cf. vv. 93–98.

130. **Access.** See *P. L.* 1 : 761.

131. **Bordering Deep.** Cf. v. 890 ff.

132. **Obscure.** Define.

134–141. Cf. vv. 60–70.

142–143. **Our final hope Is flat despair.** Cf. *3 Hen. VI.* II. iii. 9. 146 ff. Cf. Shak., *Meas.* III. i. 118–132.

147. **Intellectual being.** Cf. vv. 557–569.

148. Cf. *P. L.* 8 : 188 ff.; *Sams. Agon.* 302–306.

150. Landor would omit.

152. **Let.** Supposing. So in Shak., *Rich. II.* I. i. 59; *Hen. VIII.* IV. ii. 146.

156. **Belike.** Define. **Impotence.** Ungovernableness, want of self-restraint. Horace, *Epod.* 16 : 62, uses *impotentia* in the sense of 'fiery violence.'

159. **Endless.** Adjective used as adverb.

163 ff. Note the succession of questions. What effect do they produce? There is a suggestive parallel in the second speech of Oceanus in the *Prometheus Bound.*

165. **Amain.** Define.

166. **Afflicting.** See *P. L.* 1 : 186.

169. **Chained on the burning lake.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 210.

170. Cf. Isa. 30 : 33.

171. **Sevenfold.** Cf. Gen. 4 : 15.

174. **Red right hand.** The *rubente dextera* of Hor. *Od.* I. ii. 2–3.

176. Cf. *King Lear* III. ii. 2.

180–182. Cf. *Æn.* 1 : 44–46: 'As he [Ajax] gasped out flames from his transfixed breast, she caught him in the whirlwind, and impaled him on a jagged rock.' Also *Æn.* 6 : 75: 'The sport of rushing winds.'

182. **Racking.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 126; 3 : 203; 11 : 481.

184. **Converse.** Consort, keep company.

185. Lowell (*Shakespeare Once More*) observes: 'The Greek dramatists were somewhat fond of a trick of words in which there is a reduplication of sense as well as of assonance, as in the *Electra*: —

Ἄλεκτρα γηράσκουσαν ἀνυμέναιά τε

So Shakespeare: —

Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;

And Milton after him, or, more likely, after the Greek: —

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.'

186. **Hopeless.** Like **despaired,** *P. L.* 1:660.

188. **Dissuades.** Thus Livy speaks of 'dissuading peace' (30:37). **Force or guile.** Cf. *P. L.* 1:121.

191. Cf. Ps. 2:4.

195. **Trampled.** Cf. Ps. 91:13; Isa. 63:3.

196. **Better these than worse.** Cf. v. 163 ff. What similar thought is there in Hamlet's soliloquy?

199. **To suffer, as to do.** See *P. L.* 1:158.

209. **Sustain and bear.** Have there been any previous instances of coupled synonyms? Why may they have been employed?

210. **Supreme.** Pronounce. Is it pronounced the same in v. 236?

213. **Punished.** Inflicted as punishment.

214. Cf. v. 170.

216. **Vapor.** Perhaps 'heat' (a Latinism); or in the twofold sense.

219. **Familiar.** As familiar.

220–221. Notice the rime.

222. **What chance, what change.** Cf. *P. R.* 4 : 625.

223. **Waiting.** See *P. L.* 1 : 604.

224. **For happy.** In respect to happiness, to a happy lot.

225. Make an analysis of Moloch's and Belial's speeches, and show what arguments of the former are replied to by the latter, and with what force.

227. **Ignoble ease.** The *ignobile otium* of Virgil, *Georg.* 4 : 764.

227–228. 'These words [**ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, Not peace**] are spoken by the poet in his own person, very improperly; they would have suited the character of any fallen angel, but the reporter of the occurrence ought not to have delivered such a sentence.' — LANDOR.

228. **Mammon.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 678 ff.

234. **Argues.** Shows, proves. So *P. L.* 4 : 830.

243. **Halleluiahs.** Literal meaning? Cf. Rev. 19 : 1-6; *P. L.* 6 : 744; 7 : 634; 10 : 642. **Lordly.** Adjective or adverb?

244. **Breathes.** Exhales, emits the smell of.

245. **Odors.** Cf. *Od. Nat.* 23; *P L.* 4 : 162; *P. R.* 2 : 364; *Sams. Agon.* 987. Do these passages suggest any relations to spice or gums?

250. **Impossible.** Limits what?

254. **Live to ourselves.** Cf. Hor., *Epist.* I. xviii. 107, '.ut mihi vivam.'

256. *Prom. Bound.* 966–967: —

> I would not barter — learn thou soothly that —
> My suffering for thy service.

261. Scan the line.

264. Ps. 18 : 11; 97 : 2.

271. **Wants.** Lacks.

273. What light does this shed upon the character of **Mammon**? In what work have we already seen him engaged?

275. **Elements.** Surroundings in which one feels at home; cf. 'to be in one's element.' See *King Lear* II. iv. 58. For the general thought, see vv. 217–220.

278. **Sensible.** Sense. Adjective for noun.

282. **Dismissing.** How does this, and vv. 187 ff., agree with *P. L.* 1 : 661–669? What is the relation of Mammon's speech to that of Belial?

285 ff. This simile seems to owe something to reminiscences of *Æn.* 3 : 554 ff., as the mariners sail past Charybdis: 'From afar we hear the moaning of the main, . . . and the breakers roaring to the shore. . . . Thrice did the cliffs roar amidst the *rocky caverns* (*cava saxa*, hollow rocks), thrice did we see the foam dashing up, and the starry skies dripping. Meanwhile, the wind and sun leave us weary mariners at once, and ignorant of our course we drift to the coast of the Cyclops. The harbor is sheltered from the approach of winds.' The critics generally refer to *Æn.* 10 : 96–99, which should be compared.

289. **Craggy bay.** Perhaps suggested by *Æn.* 2 : 157 ff., especially 162–163: '*The toil-worn crew* of Æneas . . . turn towards the coast of Africa. . . . An island forms a harbor. . . . On either side are huge rocks, and twin cliffs which tower frowning towards the sky.' This, it will be remembered, is after a great storm.

294. **Sword of Michael.** *P. L.* 6 : 250 ff.

297. **Process.** Pronounce.

299–307. How are 'Atlantean shoulders' fitter than any other 'to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies'? Such is the tenor of Landor's comment, who also objects that a pillar of state is not aptly represented as *rising*, in this sense.

299. **Than.** What part of speech?

300. **None higher sat.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 79.

302. **Pillar of state.** So Lat. *columen reipublicæ*, as in Cicero, *Sest.* 8 : 19. **Deep on his front engraven.** Cf., from the same chapter of the oration: 'Such a contraction was there of his forehead that the whole republic appeared to be resting on that brow.' The whole chapter should be read, since Milton evidently had it in mind when writing this passage.

306. **Atlantean shoulders.** In his oration for Flaccus (37 : 94) Cicero appeals to the judges as bearing the whole state upon their shoulders.

310. Cf. v. 11.

312. **Style.** Cf. *P. L.* 11 : 695. Define.

313. **Popular vote.** How many times had the popular vote been indicated by applause? Had the vote always been the same?

317. **Dungeon.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 61.

322. **Reserved.** An imitation of the Lat. construction of *reservare* with the dative. Not so in *P. L.* 9 : 768.

327. **Iron sceptre.** See Ps. 2 : 9.

328. **Golden.** We find the golden sceptre in classical and in Biblical literature, e.g., *Il.* 1 : 15; Esther 4 : 11.

329. **What.** Landor says, 'To my ear **What sit** sounds less pleasingly than *Why sit.*'

330. **Determined.** Define.

336. **To.** To the extent of.

337. **Reluctance.** Resistance. The primary sense of the Latin verb. Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 1045.

345 ff. Cf. p. 192, v. 29 ff.; p. 195, v. 129; p. 196, v. 156 ff.

346. **Fame.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 650–654.

349. **Less.** Cf. Ps. 8 : 5.

353. Imitated from *Il.* 1 : 528–530: 'Kronion spake, and nodded his dark brow; . . . and he made great Olympus quake.' So *Æn.* 9 : 104. Cf. Heb. 6 : 13, 17.

Landor wishes 'that Cicero, who so delighted in harmonious sentences, and was so studious of the closes,' could have heard this. He criticizes the two preceding lines, however, for the identical cadence of the last four words.

358. **Force or subtlety.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 121.

359. **Arbitrator.** In Judges 11 : 27, where the A. V. has 'judge,'

the Vulgate has *arbiter*. Ovid (*Tr.* V. ii. 47) calls Augustus '*arbiter* imperii.'

367. **Puny.** Etymology? **Habitants.** Elsewhere in Milton. Lat. *habitantes*.

369. **Repenting.** Gen. 6 : 6.

373 ff. Cf. p. 196, v. 166 ff.

375. **Frail original.** Adam.

376. **Advise.** Possibly = *consider*.

379. **Pleaded.** What form is sometimes ignorantly substituted for this?

384. **Mingle.** As if a translation of the Lat. *miscere*. An example is Juv. 2 : 25.

387. **States.** Persons representing a body politic. So Shak., *King John* II. i. 395 : 'How like you this wild counsel, mighty *states*?'

388. **All.** Modifies **eyes**, or **their**? **Sparkled in all their eyes.** Cf. Shak., *Much Ado* III. i. 51.

389. **He.** Who?

391. **Synod.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 156; 10 : 661; 11 : 67. Why preferable to such a word as 'senate'? **Gods.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 341; in Ps. 8 : 5, where the A. V. has 'angels,' the Hebrew has 'gods;' see also Ps. 97 : 7.

393. **Fate.** Cf. v. 197.

394. **Seat.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 634.

396. **Chance.** Part of speech?

398. **Not unvisited.** Cf. *L'All.* 57; *P. L.* 1 : 442; 8 : 503.

400. Cf. v. 141.

402. **Balm.** Not as in 1 : 774; here figurative, 'soothing influence.'

Landor's opinion is that here bursts forth 'such a torrent of eloquence as there is nowhere else in the regions of poetry, although **strict** and **thick,** in v. 412, sound unpleasantly.' With 402 ff. cf. p. 196, v. 175 ff.

404. **Wandering.** Cf. v. 830.

406. **Palpable obscure.** *Tenebræ palpabiles* is found in ecclesiastical Latinity: Oros. 1 : 10; Jerome on Isa. 10. 32. 14. The expression doubtless comes from Exod. 10 : 21, 'darkness which may be felt' ('tenebræ, . . . ut palpari queant'). **Obscure.** *Obscurum* is a noun in Latin; so in Virgil, *Georg.* 1 : 478. Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 314.

407. **Uncouth.** OE *uncūth*. Meaning?

408. **Indefatigable.** So Tasso calls Gabriel's wings in *Jer. Del.* 1 : 14.

409. **Vast Abrupt.** Perhaps a reminiscence of Virg., *Æn.* 3. 421–422 : —

> Ter gurgite *vastos*
> Sorbet in *abruptum* fluctus.

Abruptum is here a noun, like *obscurum* above.

409. **Arrive.** Without the preposition, as in Shak., *3 Hen. VI.* V. iii. 8; *J. C.* I. ii. 110.

410. **Happy Isle.** Cicero (*Nat. Deor.* 2: 66) likens the earth to a great island — 'quasi magnam quandam insulam.' By a somewhat similar figure, Lucretius (5 : 276) uses the term *mare aëris*, 'sea of air' (and so Shak., *Timon* IV. ii. 21).

412. **Senteries.** What is the usual spelling? **Stations.** Posts, guards; a Latinism.

413. **Had need.** *Had* is here an imperfect subjunctive. *Had need* is a translation from the Latin, as if *haberet necesse;* thus the Vulgate rendering of 1 Sam. 10 : 25 has, 'Non *habet* rex sponsalia *necesse*.' In Mark 2 : 17 the following noun is in the ablative, 'Non *necesse habent* sani medico.'

418. **Look suspense.** So Cicero has (*Clu.* 19 : 54), 'suspensus incertusque voltus.'

420. **All sat mute.** So *Il.* 7 : 92. It is more instructive to read, as a parallel, Livy 26 : 18. Who was finally selected in the latter case, and what was the danger to be incurred?

422. **In other's countenance read.** So Shak., *Macb.* I. v. 63–64; *Hen. VIII.* I. i. 125; *Troil.* IV. v. 239; *Rom.* I. iii. 81; V. iii. 74; *Haml.* II. i. 90. Cicero (*Pis.* 1 : 1) calls the countenance 'the silent speech of the mind.' For the suggestion to Milton, we must again refer to Livy, as above.

428. **Above.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 39. What **'transcendent glory'?**

429. **Unmoved.** Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 822; 8 : 532; *P. R.* 3 : 386; 4 : 109.

430. **Progeny of Heaven.** Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* 4 : 7.

431. **Demur.** Delay.

432. **Long,** etc. *Æn.* 6 : 126–129; Dante, *Inf.* 34 : 95.

435. **Outrageous.** Furious.

436. **Ninefold.** Cf. *Æn.* 6 : 439. **Gates . . . adamant.** Cf. *Æn.* 6 : 552.

438. **Void profound.** Which is the noun? Cf. vv. 406, 409, 829, and Lucr. 1 : 1108, *inane profundum*.

439. **Unessential.** Unsubstantial.

440. **Wide-gaping.** Can you connect this with the etymology of *Chaos?*

441. **Abortive.** In active or causative sense. Cf. *P. R.* 4 : 411.

443. **Remains him.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 38.

445 ff. There is an interesting parallel in Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, *Il.* 12 : 310 ff. See also *P. R.* 2 : 463–465. It is in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*.

452. **Refusing.** If I refuse.

457. **Intend.** Endeavor, essay. A Latinism.

458. **What best may ease.** Cf. vv. 280–281.

466. Effect of the pause?

482. **For neither,** etc. Cf. *P. R.* 1 : 377–382. Would or would not the character of Satan have been more interesting had it been painted in darker colors?

489. **While the north wind sleeps.** From *Il.* 5 : 524, 'while the might of the north wind sleepeth.' For the general simile see Spenser, *Sonn.* 40.

490. **Heaven's cheerful face.** From Spenser, *F. Q.* II. xii. 34. **Element.** Cf. *Comus* 299. Define.

491. What is the object of **scowls?**

495. **Rings.** Why singular in form?

496–505. Would Homer thus have moralized in his own person?

504. **Enow.** Properly the plural of *enough*.

508. **Paramount.** A rare use. Generally *lord paramount*.

512. **Globe.** Tacitus, speaking of the German chiefs, says (*Germ.* 13): 'It is an honor, as well as a source of strength, to be thus always surrounded by a large body (*globo*) of picked youths; it is an ornament in peace and a defence in war.' Cf. *P. R.* 4 : 581. **Fiery.** Why especially applicable to seraphim?

513. **Horrent.** Bristling. Spears are called 'horrent' in *Æn.* 10 : 178.

514. **Bid.** Present or past? See *P. L.* 6 : 202.

515. **Trumpet's regal sound.** Cf. 1 : 532, 754.

517. **Alchemy.** A metallic composition resembling gold; hence, the trumpet made of it. White alchemy, according to Bacon, was an alloy of brass or copper with arsenic.

518. Scan the line.

526. **Entertain.** Beguile.

528. **Sublime.** Probably modifies **part.** For a similar construction, see Virgil, *Georg.* 1 : 404, 'Apparet liquido *sublimis in aëre* Nisus.'

530. **Games.** Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 551–552. Are there any notices of games in the *Iliad* or the *Æneid?* What Greek author was most distinguished for celebrating victories at Olympian games and Pythian fields?

531–532. **Shun the goal with rapid wheels.** Why not '*fervid* wheels,' as in Hor., *Od.* I. i. 4?

534. **Troubled sky.** So 'troubled heaven,' *1 Hen. IV.* I. i. 10. **Armies.** Cf. Shak., *J. C.* II. ii. 19–20.

536. Cf. 1 : 763 ff.

538. **Welkin.** Sky. Derived (by irregular vowel-change) from OE. *wolcen*, cloud.

539. **Typhœan.** Cf. note on 1 : 199.

540. **Rend up.** So in Claudian, *Gigantomachia* 66–71 : —

> Hic rotas Hæmonium præduris viribus Œten,
> Hic iuga conixus manibus Pangæa coruscat.
> Hunc armat glacialis Athos, hoc Ossa movente
> Tollitur, hic Rhodopen Hebri cum fonte revellit,
> Et socias truncavit aquas summaque levatus
> Rupe Giganteos umeros irrorat Enipeus.

A more general indication of the same sort is found as early as Plato, *Soph.* 246 A. **Ride the air.** See v. 663.

542 ff. Milton has followed Ovid, *Met.* 9 : 136, 152 ff., 204–218. **Œchalia.** *Met.* 9 : 136.

544. **Thessalian pines.** *Met.* 9 : 209, 'sternentemque trabes.'

545. **Œta.** *Met.* 9 : 204.

546. **Euboic sea.** *Met.* 9 : 218.

547. **Sing.** Thus Achilles took 'his pleasure of a loud lyre, . . . and sang of the glories of heroes' (*Il.* 9 : 186–189). Here, it is to be noticed, they celebrate *their own* exploits.

550–551. **Complain . . . Chance.** Bentley says: 'This is taken from the famous distich of Euripides, which Brutus used when he slew himself. In some places for β , *force*, it is quoted $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\chi\eta$, *fortune*. Milton has well comprehended both.'

554. **Suspended Hell.** Such is the effect of the music of Orpheus in Virgil, *Georg.* 4 : 481–484. **Took.** Charmed, captivated. Cf. *Od. Nat.* 98; *Comus* 558. Also a Shakespearian sense, as in *W. T.* IV. iv. 119.

556. Milton was fond of music. Here he seems, however, to assign it a comparatively low rank; is there any evidence as to whether this was his settled conviction? Cf. the passages in which he uses such words as 'music' and 'song.'

559–560. Note the chiastic repetition; what is its purpose?

561. **Wandering mazes.** Cf. v. 148, and *P. L.* 5 : 622.

564. **Passion.** In what sense of the word is it antithetical with apathy?

565. So Carlyle (*Characteristics*): 'In the perfect state, all Thought were but the picture and inspiring symbol of Action; Philosophy, except as Poetry and Religion, would have no being. . . . The disease of Metaphysics, accordingly, is a perennial one. In all ages, those questions of Death and Immortality, Origin of Evil, Freedom and Necessity, must, under new forms, anew make their appearance; ever, from time to time, must the attempt to shape for ourselves some Theorem of the Universe be repeated. And ever unsuccessfully: for what Theorem of the Infinite can the Finite render complete?' Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 102–128.

569. **Triple steel.** Imitated from Horace, *Od.* I. iii. 9–10: 'Heart of oak and triple brass (*æs triplex*) lay around the breast of him,' etc. Cf. *Comus* 421.

570. **Gross.** Large; cf. *P. L.* 6 : 552.

575. **Four infernal rivers.** All these are named in Homer, *Od.* 10 : 51: 'Thereby into Acheron flows Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus, a branch of the water of the Styx.' Dante (*Inf.* 14 : 115–120) arranges them differently: —

> They [tears] in their course
> Thus far precipitated down the rock
> Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;
> Then by this straitened channel passing hence
> Beneath, e'en to the lowest depth of all,
> Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself
> Shall see it) I here give thee no account.

The characterization of the rivers is derived from their etymology.

582. **Far off.** So in *Æn.* 6 : 705, and in Dante, *Inf.* 14 : 136.

583. **Lethe.** Plato (*Rep.* 10 : 621) is perhaps the first to mention Lethe. Cf. vv. 607–608.

584. **Labyrinth.** Cf. *P. L.* 9 : 183.

587. **Continent.** Connected or continuous tract of land; an obsolete sense.

589. **Dire hail.** From Horace, *Od.* I. ii. 1–2.

590. **Gathers heap.** Cf. *P. L.* 12 : 631.

592. **Serbonian bog.** First mentioned by Herodotus (2 : 6; 3 : 5).

593. **Damiata.** In Egypt; now Damietta. **Mount Casius.** Between Lower Egypt and Arabia.

594. **Sunk.** Diodorus Siculus (1 : 35) mentions this peculiarity.

595. Landor says: 'The latter part of this verse is redundant, and ruinous to the former.' **Burns.** Cold is said to burn by Virgil (*Georg.* 1 : 93), Ovid (*Met.* 14 : 763), Tacitus (*Ann.* 13 : 35), and others; the Latin verbs *urere*, *amburere*, *adurere*, and *torrere*, are all used in this way, and so Gr. καΐειν and ἀποκαΐειν. With the line cf. p. 191, v. 13, and p. 193, v. 79.

Frore. Frozen, apparently used in the sense of 'freezing.' *Frore* is the old past participle of the verb *freeze*, by contraction from *froren*. Similarly, *forlorn* is the past part. of *forleese* (= modern *-lose*), which occurs yet in Chaucer. The form *frore*, without final *n*, is as old as the beginning of the fourteenth century. For *frore* in the sense of 'freezing,' cf. Spenser's expression, 'frozen cold,' *F. Q.* III. viii. 34; in III. viii. 30 and 35, Spenser uses the adjective *frory*.

596. **Harpy-footed.** The Sirens are called 'harpy-legged' by the obscure Greek poet Lycophron. The original Greek conception of the Harpies was that of whirlwinds, or spirits of the storm; thus, *Od.* 1 : 241, 'But now the *spirits of the storm* have swept him away inglorious.' Milton may possibly have in mind the Virgilian description also, *Æn.* 3 : 212 ff. **Haled.** See Lk. 12 : 58; Acts 8 : 3. Frequently used by Shakespeare.

597. **Revolutions.** Vicissitudes.

600. 'It appears to me that his imitation of Shakespeare [in this line] is feeble.'—LANDOR. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.* III. i. 123; and see Dante, *Inf.* 3 : 86; *Purg.* 3 : 31. **Starve.** Pinch, nip. So in Shak., *T. G.* IV. iv. 159, 'The air hath *starved* the roses in her cheeks;' cf. *2 Hen. VI.* III. i. 343, 'You but warm the *starved* snake.' From OE. *steorfan*, die, akin to Ger. *sterben*.

603. **Periods.** In its etymological sense; how related to the

primitive meaning of revolutions, v. 597? Todd says: 'This circumstance of the damned's suffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns seems to be founded on Job 24 : 19, not as it is in the English translation, but in the vulgar Latin version, which Milton often used: "Ad *nimium calorem* transeat ab *aquis nivium*. Let him pass to *excessive heat from waters of snow*."

604. **Lethean sound.** Perhaps suggested by the *Lethæa stagna* of Propertius IV (V). vii. 91.

604–610. 'Milton, like Dante, has mixed the Greek mythology with the Oriental. To hinder the damned from tasting a single drop of the *Lethe* they are *ferried* over.

> *Medusa* with Gorgonian terror guards
> The ford.

It is strange that until now they never had explored the banks of the other four infernal rivers.' — LANDOR.

609. **Brink.** Surface; like *brim* in Scott, *Marmion* 6 : 15: —

> Not lighter does the swallow skim
> Along the smooth lake's level *brim*.

610. **Fate withstands.** Probably a reminiscence of *Æn.* 4 : 440, *Fata obstant.*

611. **Medusa.** Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 4 : 779–781: 'He [Perseus] arrived at the abodes of the Gorgons, and saw everywhere, along the fields and the roads, statues of men and wild beasts turned into stone from their natural form, at the sight of Medusa.' And so Pindar, *Nem.* 10 : 6–7: 'Long is the tale of Perseus, that telleth of the Gorgon Medusa.'

613. Can you discover any flaw in the following criticism of Landor's? — 'No living wight had ever attempted to taste it, nor was it *this* water that fled the lips of Tantalus at any time; least of all can we imagine that it had already fled it.'

614. **Tantalus.** *Od.* 11 : 582–587: 'Moreover I beheld Tantalos in grievous torment, standing in a mere, and the water came nigh unto his chin. And he stood straining as one athirst, but he might not attain to the water to drink of it. For often as that old man stooped down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water was swallowed up and it vanished away, and the black earth still showed at his feet, for some god parched it evermore.'

614–622. Landor says: 'It is impossible to refuse the ear its satisfaction at [these lines];' but adds: 'Now who would not rather have forfeited an estate than that Milton should have ended so deplorably,

Which God by curse
Created evil, *for evil only good,*
Where all life dies, death lives.

How Ovidian! This book would be greatly improved, not merely by the rejection of a couple such as these, but by the whole from verse 647 to verse 1007. The number would still be 705; fewer by only sixty-four than the first would be after its reduction.'

615. **Confused.** Pronounce.

616. **Pale.** Modifies what noun?

618. Cf. p. 193, v. 69. **No rest.** Cf. Matt. 12 : 43.

621. Lowell comments: 'Milton, like other great poets, wrote some bad verses, and it is wiser to confess that they are so than to conjure up some unimaginable reason why the reader should accept them as the better for their badness. Such a bad verse is

Rocks, caves, lakes, *fens*, bogs, *dens* and shapes of death,

which might be cited to illustrate Pope's

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

But Burke says (*Sublime and Beautiful*, Part 5, Sec. 7): 'Here is displayed the force of union, . . . which yet would lose the greatest part of the effect if they were not the

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades — of *Death.*

This . . . raises a very great degree of the sublime; and this sublime is raised yet higher by what follows, a "universe of death."' In Sidney's *Arcadia* there is a somewhat similar line: —

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks, answer me.

626–627. See note on 1 : 540.

628. **Gorgons, and Hydras.** Define. Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* 6 : 287–288: —

Chimæra,
Gorgones Harpyiæque.

And again 6 : 576–577 : —

> Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
> Sævior intus habet sedem.

Chimæras dire. *Il.* 6 : 180–182 : 'Of divine birth was she and not of men, in front a lion, and behind a serpent, and in the midst a goat; and she breathed dread fierceness of blazing fire.'

629 ff. Cf. p. 197, v. 204 ff.

631. **Puts on swift wings.** Cf. *P. L.* 5 : 276–277.

632. **Explores . . . flight. Explore** here means 'try,' a Latin meaning. Cicero has the expression, 'explore flight' (*explorare fugam*, *Verr.* II. v. 17. 44), but not in the same sense.

634. Virgil has (*Æn.* 5 : 217), 'Skims on (*radit*, grazes) her liquid way, nor so much as moves her swift wings.' **Level.** Corresponds to Gr. εὐκηλος, even, steady, applied to wings by Apollonius Rhodius 2 : 935; similarly, *paribus alis*, *Æn.* 4 : 252; 5 : 657; 9 : 14.

635. **Fiery concave.** Cf. 1 : 298.

636–643. In his Preface of 1815–1845, Wordsworth writes: 'Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot *hangs* from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats: —

> Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
> Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo.

> —— half way down
> *Hangs* one who gathers samphire,

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses

something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.'

He then quotes our lines, and adds: 'Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as *hanging in the clouds*, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared. . . .

'When the compact fleet, as one person, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengala," "they," i.e., the "merchants," representing the fleet, resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body, — the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!'

Leigh Hunt, 'What is Poetry,' has: 'Shakespeare and Milton abound in the very grandest [similes]; such as Antony's likening his changing fortunes to the cloud-rack; Lear's appeal to the old age of the heavens; Satan's appearance in the horizon, like a fleet "hanging in the clouds;" and the comparisons of him with the comet and the eclipse. Nor unworthy of this glorious company, for its extraordinary combination of delicacy and vastness, is that enchanting one of Shelley's in the Adonais: —

> Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Cf. Garnett (*Milton*, pp. 160–161): 'When such a being voyages through space it is no hyperbole to compare him to a whole fleet, judiciously shown at such distance as to suppress every minute detail that could diminish the grandeur of the image. . . . These similes, and an infinity of others, are grander than anything in Homer, who would, however, have equaled them with an equal subject. Dante's

treatment is altogether different; the microscopic intensity of perception in which he so far surpasses Homer and Milton affords, in our opinion, no adequate compensation for his inferiority in magnificence.'

638. **Ternate and Tidore.** Two of the Molucca islands in the East Indies. Pronounce.

640. **Trading.** What figure of speech?

641. **Ethiopian.** Indian Ocean. **Cape.** Of Good Hope.

642. Cf. Introduction, p. 32. **Ply.** Define. **Stemming.** Define. **Nightly.** By night. **The pole.** Which?

645. **Thrice threefold.** Cf. v. 436. Threefold is the wall in Virgil's hell, *Æn.* 6 : 549, but ninefold the flowing of Styx, 6 : 439. **Folds.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 724. **Brass.** The wall in Hesiod, *Theog.* 726, is of brass.

646. **Iron.** So appeared the walls in Dante, *Inf.* 8 : 78, and so was the gate of Tartarus in *Il.* 8 : 15. **Adamantine.** Cf. v. 436. So *Æn.* 6 : 552, 'pillars of solid adamant.'

647. **Impaled with circling fire.** So in *Æn.* 6 : 550, 'encircled by a rushing river with waves of torrent fire;' this is Phlegethon, however. **Impaled.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 553 ; also the only Shakespearian sense.

648. **Before the gates.** Cf. *Æn.* 6 : 574–575: 'See you the form of the watcher that sits in the porch? the shape that guards the threshold?'

Garnett says (*Milton*, p. 155) : —

'If anything more infatuated can be imagined, it is the simplicity of the All-Wise Himself in entrusting the wardership of the gate of Hell, and consequently the charge of keeping Satan *in*, to the beings in the universe most interested in letting him *out*. The sole but sufficient excuse is that these faults are inherent in the subject. If Milton had not thought that he could justify the ways of Jehovah to man he would not have written at all; common sense on the part of the angels would have paralyzed the action of the poem; we should, if conscious of our loss, have lamented the irrefragable criticism that should have stifled the magnificent allegory of Sin and Death.'

648 ff. 'In the description of Sin and Death, and Satan's interview with them, there is a wonderful vigor of imagination and of thought, with such sonorous verse as Milton alone was capable of

composing. But there is also much of what is odious and intolerable. The terrific is then sublime, and then only, when it fixes you in the midst of all your energies, and not when it weakens, nauseates, and repels you.' — LANDOR.

651. **Ended.** Thus Hesiod's Echidna (*Theog.* 298–299) was half a beautiful woman, half a prodigious and dreadful serpent.

654 ff. Milton seems to have had Ovid in mind (*Met.* 14 : 60–61, 64–65): 'She beholds her loins grow hideous with barking monsters; . . . as she examines the substance of her thighs, her legs, and her feet, she meets with Cerberean jaws in place of those parts.' Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* I. i. 15. **Cry.** Pack.

655. **Cerberean.** Who was Cerberus?

660. **Vexed.** What is its subject? **Sea.** Strait of Messina. According to Ovid (*Met.* 13 : 730) and Virgil (*Æn.* 3 : 420) Scylla was on the Italian side.

661. **Trinacrian.** Sicilian; so named from its three promontories. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 13 : 724, 'With three points this projects into the sea.' **Hoarse shore** is from Statius, *Theb.* 5 : 291; **Trinacrian shore** from *Æn.* 1 : 196.

665. **Lapland.** Like Thessaly, famous for sorcery. **Laboring.** Suffering (eclipse). 'Laboring moon' is found in Juvenal, 6 : 443.

666. **Eclipses.** An obsolete sense.

666–673. **The other . . . had on.** Burke says (*Sublime and Beautiful*, Part 2, Sec. 3): 'In this description all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible, and sublime to the last degree.'

670. **As Night.** *Od.* 11 : 606, 'He [Heracles], like black Night.'

676. So (*Il.* 7 : 213, 215), as Ajax 'went with long strides, . . . sore trembling came upon the Trojans.'

677. **Admired.** Wondered, marvelled. An archaic sense.

681. An epic formula; so *Il.* 21 :150, 'Who and whence art thou?' etc. Cf. *Od.* 1 : 170; *Æn.* 8 : 114.

678–679.

> 'God and his Son except,
> Created thing naught valued he.

This is not the only time when he has used such language, evidently with no other view than to defend it by his scholarship. But no authority can vindicate what is false, and no ingenuity can explain what is absurd.' — LANDOR. But cf. Lowell, Introduction, p. 33.

685. **So Spenser,** *F. Q.* **III. iv. 15.**

687. **Metre?**

688. **Goblin.** Scarcely conveys a sufficiently elevated notion here; cf. *Comus* 436, *L'Al.* 105.

689. **In the vein of Spenser's apostrophe,** *F. Q.* **VI. vi. 25.**

692. **Third part.** Suggested by Rev. 12 : 4.

696. **Spirits of Heaven.** Cf. v. 687.

697. **Hell-doomed.** Cf. v. 687.

700. **To thy speed add wings.** Suggested by *Æn.* 8 : 223: 'pedibus timor addidit alas,' 'fear added wings to his feet.'

701. **Whip of scorpions.** Cf. 1 Kings 12 : 11.

702. **This dart.** Cf. v. 672.

704. **Grisly.** Define. Cf. 1 : 670.

706. **Deform.** Cf. *P. L.* 11 : 494. Browning uses the word in *Fifine at the Fair.*

707. **Incensed.** Two meanings here?

708. **Comet.** Cf. *Æn.* 10 : 270–273: 'The crest of the prince's helmet blazes, and a flame seems to pour forth from the plume at its top, and the golden boss vomits forth mighty fires, like as when sometimes on a clear night blood-red *comets* blush with baleful light.'

709. **Ophiuchus.** A constellation forty degrees long.

710. **Hair.** What is the etymology of 'comet'? Cf. Shak., *1 Hen. VI.* I. i. 1–3: —

> Comets, importing change of time and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.

712. **Fatal.** Cf. v. 786. What difference between the meaning here and in v. 104?

713. **Intend.** For this verb with an accusative, see v. 457; *P. L.* 5 : 867; 10 : 58.

714. **Clouds.** Thus Amphiarus is called by Pindar (*Nem.* 10 : 12), 'the storm-cloud of war.' In Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato* (1 : 16; cf. 2 : 4) Milton is anticipated in the elaboration of this simile.

715. **Heaven's artillery.** A Shakespearian phrase, *T. Shr.* I. ii. 205. **Fraught.** From what infinitive?

Caspian. Cf. Horace, *Od.* II. ix. 1–3; 'Not for ever do showers pour from the clouds upon the squalid plains, or fitful blasts trouble the *Caspian sea* unceasingly.'

722. **So great a foe.** See 1 Cor. 15 : 26; Heb. 2 : 14.

722–724. **And now . . . had not.** Cf. *Il.* 7 : 273–274: 'And now had they been smiting hand to hand with swords, but that,' etc.

724. **Snaky.** Cf. v. 651.

729. **Bend.** Direct, aim. How does the word come to have this meaning? Cf. Ps. 11 : 2; *P. L.* 2 : 923; *P. R.* 4 : 424.

731. **Laughs.** Cf. Ps. 2 : 4.

735. **Pest.** Used like the Lat. *pestis.*

736. **These.** What?

741. **Double-formed.** So Scylla (pluralized) is called (*biformis*) in *Æn.* 6 : 286.

743. **Phantasm.** Cf. v. 667.

745. **Than.** What part of speech here?

748. **Foul . . . fair.** Thus antithetically employed by Shak., *Macb.* I. i. 11.

752 ff. Cf. Homer's *Hymn to Pallas* (Chapman's trans.): —

> His [Zeus's] unbounded brows
> Could not contain her; such impetuous throes
> Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,
> And stood, in gold armed, in her Father's view,
> Shaking her sharp lance. All Olympus shook
> So terribly beneath her, that it took
> Up in amazes all the Deities there.

759. Scan the line.

761. **Familiar grown.** Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man* 2 · 217–220.

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

768. **Fields.** Battles. How does the word come to this meaning? How is Ger. *Kampf* related to Lat. *campus?*

771. **Empyrean.** Define.

772. **Pitch.** Cf. *P. L.* 8 : 198; 11 : 693; *Sams. Agon.* 169.

786. **Brandishing his fatal dart.** From *Æn.* 12 : 919, 'Telum fatale coruscat.'

787. **Death.** Cf. James 1 : 15: 'Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'

789. So Virgil, *Æn.* 2 : 53: 'The caverns sounded hollow and

uttered a groan.' **Death.** The repetition as in Virgil, *Georg.* 4 : 525–527 : 'The voice and chilled tongue of themselves called "Eurydice, ah, hapless Eurydice!" as the spirit ebbed away; all along the stream the banks replied "Eurydice!"'

798. **List.** Cf. v. 656.

800–803. Lowell criticizes the sibilancy of these lines. In what words does it occur ?

808. **Bane.** Define.

809. **Fate.** Newton observes: 'Milton with great propriety makes the fallen Angels, and Sin here, attribute events to Fate, without any mention of the Supreme Being.' Where has this been done before in the poem ?

810 ff. Cf. *Od.* 12 : 117-120: 'Wilt thou not yield thee even to the deathless gods ? As for her [Scylla], she is no mortal, but an immortal plague, dread, grievous, and fierce, and not to be fought with; and against her there is no defence.'

813. **Heavenly.** What part of speech ? Cf. *P. L.* 8 : 217. From OE. *heofenlice*, while in the more usual sense it is from *heofenlic*.

814. **Save.** What part of speech ? Does the use of *nisi*, in such a sentence as the following, throw any light upon it ? 'Dicere nemo potest, *nisi* qui prudenter intellegit.'

815. **Lore.** Define.

816. Cf. v. 745. **Smooth.** What part of speech ?

823. **House of pain.** So Spenser, *F. Q.* I. v. 34.

826. **Go.** Note the idiom, 'to go an errand.'

827. **Uncouth.** Cf. note on v. 407.

829. **Void immense.** Cf. v. 438.

830. **Wandering.** Cf. v. 404.

832. **Place of bliss.** Cf. v. 347.

833. **Purlieus.** Define.

834. **Race.** Cf. 1 : 653.

842. **Buxom air.** A Spenserian phrase, *F. Q.* I. xi. 37, like Horace's *cedentem aera*, *Sat.* II. ii. 13. Hence, **buxom** = unresisting, from the sense 'flexible,' 'pliant.' The word is first found in Middle English, ca. 1175, in the sentence, 'Bēo *būhsum* toward Gode,' where *būhsum* means 'pliant,' 'obedient.' The word has the same root as OE. *būgan*, to bow, bend.

846. **Ghastly smile.** So Ajax, *Il.* 7 : 212, rose up, 'with a smile on his grim face;' *Inf.* 5 : 4 : —

There Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly feature.

Drummond of Hawthornden (lived when?), in a madrigal, calls Death, 'grim grinning king.' Spenser has 'grinning griesly' (*F. Q.* V. xii. 16), like Statius' (*Theb.* 8 : 582) 'formidabile ridens.' In the *Odyssey* (20 : 347) the wooers 'were laughing with alien lips' (cf. Hor., *Sat.* II. iii. 72; *Od.* III. xi. 21). See also Shak., *Rich. II.* III. ii. 162–163.

847. **His famine.** Cf. Hab. 2 : 5; Prov. 30 : 15, 16; and *P. L.* 10 : 601, 991.

849. **Bespake.** Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 1005.

850. **Infernal·pit.** Cf. 1 : 657.

856 ff. Cf. Garnett's remarks in note on v. 648.

858. **Gloom.** Tartarus is 'black' (*Æn.* 6 : 134), 'darkly deep' (*Prom. Bound* 219), 'murky' (ib. 1050), etc. **Tartarus.** *Il.* 8 : 13–14, 'misty Tartarus, where is the deepest gulf beneath the earth;' Plato, *Gorgias* 523, 'he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus.'

860. **Heavenly-born.** Cf. v. 749 ff.

868. **The gods who live at ease.** So exactly in *Il.* 6 : 138; *Od.* 4 : 805, etc.

869. **Right.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 62–64.

872. **All our woe.** Cf. 1 : 3.

873. Would the rhythm be improved by making **rolling** the second word in the line ?

876–882. See note on 1 : 540.

877. **Wards.** Define.

879 ff. Cf. p. 198, v. 209.

879–882. A remarkable instance of imitative sound (onomatopœia), modelled after *Æn.* 6 : 573–574 (cf. 1 : 449) : —

Tum demum horrisono stridentes cardine sacræ
Panduntur portæ.

Contrast with this *P. L.* 7 : 205–207.

883. **Erebus.** Suggested by Virgil, *Georg.* 4 : 471, 'Stirred from the lowest abodes of Erebus.'

885. **Wings.** Cf. *P. R.* 3 : 309; 4 : 66.

885–886. **Bannered . . . ensigns.** Can any explanation be given of this apparent redundancy?

889. **Redounding.** Define.

891. **Hoary Deep.** See Job 41 : 32.

894. **Night.** According to Hesiod (*Theog.* 123), 'black Night was born of Chaos and Erebus.' According to the Orphic *Hymn to Night*, she was mother of gods and men, and the original of all things (γένεσις πάντων).

895. **Chaos.** Cf. *F. Q.* III. vi. 36.

896. **Anarchy.** Ovid (*Met.* 1 : 7–9): 'Chaos, a rude and undigested mass, . . . the *discordant* atoms of things not harmonizing.' So Lucretius (5 : 439–445): 'A strange, stormy crisis and medley, gathered together out of first-beginnings of every kind, whose state of discord, joining battle, disordered their interspaces, . . . because by reason of their unlike forms and varied shapes, they could not all remain thus joined together, nor fall into mutually harmonious motions.' Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 293.

898. **Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry.** Ovid (*Met.* 1 : 18–19): 'And one was ever obstructing the other; because in the same body the *cold* was striving with the *hot*, the *moist* with the *dry*.'

900. **Embryon.** Immature, undeveloped. Cf. *P. L.* 7 : 277.

903. **Sands.** Cf. note on 1 : 302.

904. Barca and Cyrene were in Northern Africa.

905. **Warring winds.** Horace's 'ventos deprœliantes' (*Od.* I. ix. 10–11). So Ovid (*Met.* 11 : 491) says, 'The fierce winds wage war on every side;' and Virgil (*Æn.* 2 : 416), 'Opposing winds meet in conflict.'

907. **He.** Who?

908. Like some modern umpires?

910. **Chance.** Cf. v. 233.

911. The thought is an old one. It is ascribed to Xenophanes and Euripides, among the Greeks. Besides Ennius, Lucretius has it (5 : 260): —

> Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.

So Shakespeare, *Rom.* II. iii. 9–10 (cf. *Per.* II. iii. 45): —

> The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
> What is her burying grave, that is her womb.

917. **Into this wild Abyss.** Observe that we have already had these words, v. 910. The poet has lingered and 'looked a while,' like his Satan.

919. **Frith.** Define.

920. **Pealed.** Is this verb usually transitive?

922. **Great things with small.** From Virgil (*Ecl.* 1 : 24): 'Parvis componere magna.' **Bellona.** Goddess of war.

927. **Sail-broad.** Lucretius, speaking of birds, says (6 : 743), 'They forget to row with their wings, they drop their *sails*.' Cf. *F. Q.* I. xi. 10. The attribution of sail-broad wings to Satan is from the Italian of Marino. **Vans.** Cf. *P. R.* 4 : 583. The word is from the Italian, where it is in poetical use.

930. **Cloudy chair.** Cf. *Comus* 134. **Chair.** Chariot.

932. Note the alliteration.

934. **Fathom.** What other words of this kind may lack the plural sign?

937. **Nitre.** Cf. *P. L.* 4 : 815.

939. **Syrtis.** The ancients so called two different gulfs off the north coast of Africa. Milton's characterization seems to be from Lucan, *Phars.* 9 : 304. Cf. Virgil's description (*Æn.* 1 : 110–112): 'Three ships the East wind forces into the shallows and quicksands [Syrtis], . . . and shuts them in with a bank of sand.'

941. **Half.** Cf. *F. Q.* I. xi. 8.

942. **Both oar and sail.** Might and main. A Latin proverbial expression; so in Cic., *Tusc.* III. xi. 25.

943. **Griffin.** Conceived of as a lion, with the head and wings of an eagle.

945. **Arimaspian.** Cf. Herodotus 3 : 116: "Toward the north of Europe there is evidently a very great quantity of gold, but how procured I am unable to say with certainty, though it is said that the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people, steal it from the griffins."

948–950. Note the confused and disorderly manner in which these disconnected particulars are set forth. For the name of this rhetorical figure see De Mille's *Elements of Rhetoric*, § 151, and cf. § 221.

953. **Hollow dark.** Cf. *Æn.* 2 : 760, *cava umbra*.

954. **Plies.** Cf. v. 642.

960. **Pavilion.** Cf. 2 Sam. 22 : 12; Ps. 18 : 11.

962. **Sable-vested Night.** From Euripides, *Ion* 1150, μελάμπεπλος

Νύξ. Eldest. Because Chaos, of which she was born, could hardly be described as a (definite) thing ?

964. **Orcus.** From Virgil, *Georg.* 1 : 277, 'pallidus Orcus.' **Ades.** Hades. Hesiod, *Theog.* 455: 'Mighty Hades, who inhabits the abode beneath the earth.' **Name.** 'By a usage chiefly Hebraistic, the name is used for everything which the name covers.'

965. **Demogorgon.** Cf. *F. Q.* IV. ii. 47. 6-9: —

> Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abysse,
> Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent
> Farre from the view of Gods and heavens bliss,
> The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadful dwelling is.

Shelley thus describes Demogorgon (*Prom. Unbound* 2 : 4): —

> I see a mighty darkness
> Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
> Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
> Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb
> Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
> A living spirit.

Ben Jonson speaks of 'Boccace his Demogorgon' (*Alchemist* 2 : 1), but the name is much earlier.

965 ff. Thus in *Æn.* 6 : 274–280 we have Grief, Cares, Diseases, Age, Fear, Hunger, Want, Death, Toil, Sleep, Evil Delights, War, and Discord. Lowell says of Wordsworth (*Essay on Dryden*): 'He indulged in that alphabetical personification which enlivens all such words as Hunger, Solitude, Freedom, by the easy magic of an initial capital.' But it is not easy to distinguish between such personifications and those of Orcus and Hades, Night and Chaos. Anything capable of being generalized, and which has a constant and profound influence on human life and destiny, is susceptible of personification; and the personification is most conveniently denoted by the use of a capital. On the other hand, there is no doubt that this liberty has often been abused by poets.

973. **Wandering.** Transitive, as in *P. L.* 4 : 234; 11 : 779; *P. R.* 1 : 354; 2 : 246; 4 : 600. So *err*, *P. L.* 10 : 266.

977. **Confine with.** Border upon. **Some other place.** Cf. v. 345.

979. **Thither.** This adverb is strictly used only with verbs of motion. By using it with **arrive** the latter word is made to express

both motion and the following state of rest. This is an imitation of a Latinism: *huc ades*, Virg. *Ecl.* 2 : 45; Cf. Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 80.

980. **Profound.** A noun, like Lat. *profundum.*

982. **Behoof.** Define. **Lost.** Adjective.

985. **Journey.** Almost in the sense of 'mission,' 'undertaking.'

987. **Yours . . . mine.** A similar antithesis in *Æn.* 1 : 76–77.

988. **Anarch.** Who? The word was first used in English by Milton.

989. **Incomposed.** Discomposed; Lat. *incompositus.*

990. **I know thee . . . who thou art.** Mk. 1 : 24; Lk. 4 : 34.

994. **Frighted Deep.** Virgil (*Æn.* 6 : 800) speaks of the 'affrighted mouths (*trepida ostia*) of Nile.'

997. **Millions.** What reason is there for thinking this hyperbolical ?

999. **Can.** What verb is to be supplied?

1001. **Intestine broils.** Cf. *P. L.* 6 : 259.

1005. **Golden chain.** The ultimate source of the phrase is *Il.* 8 : 19–22, where Zeus exclaims, 'Fasten ye a *rope of gold* from heaven, and all ye gods lay hold thereof and all goddesses; yet could ye not drag from heaven to earth Zeus.'

Of the Homeric figure various allegorical interpretations have been made. Thus Plato, *Theætetus* 153 D: ' . . . The golden chain in Homer, by which he meant the sun, thus indicating that while the sun and the heavens go round, all things human and divine are and are preserved, but if the sun were to be arrested in his course, then all things would be destroyed, and, as the saying is, Chaos would come again.' Macrobius (on the *Somnium Scipionis* 1 : 14) has another interpretation, which Ben Jonson follows in his *Hymenæi*, and again in his *Epode* (*Forest* 11). I quote from the latter: —

> Now, *true Love*
> No such effects doth prove;
> That is an essence far more gentle, fine;
> Pure, perfect, nay divine;
> *It is a golden chain* let down from heaven
> Whose links are bright and even,
> That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
> The soft and sweetest minds
> In equal knots.

See also Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur* 255.

1008–1009. **What is the mistake made by Landor in the following? — '[These verses] could be spared. Satan but little encouraged his followers by reminding them that, if they took the course he pointed out, they were**

So much the nearer danger,

nor was it necessary to remind them of the obvious fact by saying,

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.'

1011. **Sea.** Cf. vv. 939, 961.

1015. **Fighting elements.** Cf. v. 896 ff.

1018. **Justling rocks.** Apollonius Rhodius tells the story of the Argonauts, or voyagers in the ship Argo. The prophet Phineus, foretelling what should befall them, remarks (*Arg.* 2 : 286 ff.): 'First of all . . . ye shall see the two Cyanean rocks [known as the Symplegades] at the place where two seas meet. Through these, I trow, none can win a passage. For they are not fixed on foundations below, but oft they clash together upon each other.' He instructs them how to escape the danger, and they follow his directions: 'On they went in grievous fear, and already on their ears the thud of clashing rocks smote unceasingly, and the dripping cliffs roared. . . . The eddying current stayed the ship in the midst of "the Clashers," and they quaked on either side, and thundered, and the ship-timbers throbbed. Then did Athene with her left hand hold the stubborn rock apart, while with her right she thrust them through upon their course; and the ship shot through the air like a winged arrow. Yet the rocks, ceaselessly dashing together, crushed off, in passing, the tip of the carved stern.'

1019. **Ulysses.** As described in the *Odyssey*, Bk. 12.

1020. **Whirlpool.** Scylla is usually described as a rock, but in Ovid, *Met.* 14 : 51, Scylla, before her transformation into a rock, was wont to retreat to a 'small whirlpool' (*parvus gurges*), in which she was afterward fixed.

1021–1022. Purpose of the repetition?

1024. **Amain.** Cf. v. 165.

1028. **Bridge.** Cf. *P. L.* 10 : 282–305, especially 293–305.

1029. **Orb.** Cf. the 'wall immovable' of *P. L.* 10 : 302–303, which *may perhaps* mean the Empyrean Heaven, motionless while all its

inner concentric spheres, at whose centre is the earth, are revolving. For this theory of the universe see Longfellow's translation of the *Divine Comedy*, note on *Paradiso* 1 : 1. **Orb** might mean *orbit*, as sometimes in Latin; or, conceiving the earth, with the ancients, to be a flat disk, it might mean the *rim* of this disk.

1033. **God and good Angels.** So in Shak. *Rich. III.* v. 3.

1034. **Sacred.** Sophocles (*Electra* 86) calls light 'holy' (φάος ἁγνόν). But see particularly *P. L.* 3 : 1–6.

Note the exceeding beauty of this passage to the end.

1035. **Walls.** See v. 343.

1037. **Dawn.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 499–500.

1041. **That.** So that.

1043. **Vessel.** Cf. Browning, *Flight of the Duchess:*

> And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees,
> (Come all the way from the north-parts with sperm oil)
> I hope to get safely out of the turmoil.

Holds. Makes for. A Latinism; so *portum tenet*, *Æn.* 1 : 400. Some translate the Latin verb by 'reach,' in such phrases as this; but the context seems to favor the other meaning here.

1046. **Weighs.** Balances; see **poise**, v. 906.

1047. **Empyreal Heaven.** Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 56–62.

1049–1050. Cf. *P. L.* 3 : 504–509.

1050. **Sapphire.** See Isa. 54 : 11; Rev. 21 : 19. **Native seat.** Cf. *P. L.* 1 : 85–87.

1052. **Pendent world.** Used by Shakespeare (*Meas.* III. i. 126) but perhaps originally from Ovid, *Met.* 1 : 12 'nec circumfuso *pendebat* in aere *tellus* ponderibus librata suis' (the *earth* did not as yet *hang* in the surrounding air, balanced by its own weight); cf. *P. L.* 7 : 242. Milton, in adopting the phrase, seems to have construed **pendent** more liberally, in connection with **chain.** Cf. Garnett, *Milton*, p. 158: 'This pendant world, observe, is not the earth, as Addison understood it, but the entire sidereal universe, depicted not as the infinity we now know it to be, but as a definite object, so insulated in the vastness of space as to be perceptible to the distant Fiend as a minute star, and no larger in comparison with the courts of Heaven — themselves not wholly seen — than such a twinkler matched with the full-orbed moon. Such a representation, if it diminishes the grandeur of the universe accessible to sense, exalts that of the super-

sensual and extramundane regions where the action takes it and where Milton's gigantic imagination is most perfectly at h

1052. **Star.** Perhaps suggested by Hor., *Epod.* 15 : 1–2, moon was shining amid the lesser stars;' perhaps rather by Ho I. xii. 46–48: 'Shines among all the Julian star, like the moon a the lesser fires.'

1054. **Revenge.** Earlier occurrences of this word in *P.* What ground for revenge had Satan?

1055. **Cursèd hour.** Why?

APPENDIX.

Extracts from the Genesis of the Pseudo-Cædmon, Morley's Translation.

(Vv. 20-45, 78-111, 246-260, 299-438, 442-457.)

Even there
Pain came to them, Envy and Pride began
There first to weave ill counsel and to stir
The minds of angels. Then, athirst for strife,
He said that northward he would own in Heaven
A home and a high throne. Then God was wroth,
And for the host He had made glorious,
For those pledge-breakers, our souls' guardians,
The Lord made anguish a reward, a home
In banishment, hell-groans, hard pain, and bade
That torture-house abide their joyless fall.
When with eternal night and sulphur pains,
Fulness of fire, dread cold, reek and red flames,
He knew it filled, then through that hopeless home
He bade the woful horror to increase.

. . . . . .

But after as before was peace in Heaven,
Fair rule of love; dear unto all the Lord
Of Lords, the King of Hosts, to all His own,
And glories of the good who possessed joy
In Heaven the Almighty Father still increased.

Then peace was among dwellers in the sky,
Blaming and lawless malice were gone out,
And angels feared no more, since plotting foes
Who cast off Heaven were bereft of light.
Their glory-seats behind them in God's realm,
Enlarged with gifts, stood happy, bright with bloom,
But ownerless since the curst spirits went
Wretched to exile within bars of Hell.
Then thought within His mind the Lord of Hosts
How He again might fix within His rule
The great creation, thrones of heavenly light
High in the Heavens for a better band,
Since the proud scathers had relinquished them.
The holy God, therefore, in His great might
Willed that there should be set beneath Heaven's span
Earth, firmament, wide waves, created world,
Replacing foes cast headlong from their home.
Here yet was naught save darkness of the cave,
The broad abyss, whereon the steadfast King
Looked with His eyes and saw that space of gloom,
Saw the dark cloud lower in lasting night,
Was deep and dim, vain, useless, strange to God,
Black under Heaven, wan, waste, till through His word
The King of Glory had created life.

. . . . . .

The Almighty had disposed ten angel-tribes,
The holy Father by His strength of hand,
That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
And work His will. For that the holy God
Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
In happiness He placed them, and to one
He added prevalence and might of thought,

Sway over much, next highest to Himself
In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright
That pure as starlight was in Heaven the form
Which God the Lord of Hosts had given him.
Praise to the Lord his work, and cherishing
Of heavenly joy, and thankfulness to God
For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in His sanctuary.

. . . . . .

Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favor lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains,
Because he strove against Heaven's highest Lord,
Who shook him from His favor, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The Fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all
To devils, because they His Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light
Under the earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost;
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them, they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell

With the deniers. Still the angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights;
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness
Of angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great. Then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot Hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light and was full of flame,
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear, beloved
Of God, until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God
Was wroth with him, and into ruin cast
Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
A name, said that the highest should be called
Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
Bade him have rule and avoid strife with God.
Satan discoursed, he who henceforth ruled Hell
Spake sorrowing.
God's angel erst, he had shone white in Heaven,
Till his soul urged, and most of all its pride,
That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more

Bend to the word. About his heart his soul
Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
Without him.
Then said he, 'Most unlike this narrow place
To that which once we knew, high in Heaven's realm,
Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
For the Almighty we hold royalties.
Yet right hath He not done in striking us
Down to the fiery bottom of hot Hell,
Banished from Heaven's kingdom with decree
That He will set in it the race of Man.
Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of earth,
Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
Whilst we these pangs endure, this grief in Hell.
Woe! Woe! had I the power of my hands,
And for a season, for one winter's space,
Might be without; then with this host I—
But iron binds me round; this coil of chains
Rides me; I rule no more; close bonds of Hell
Hem me their prisoner. Above, below,
Here is vast fire, and never have I seen
More loathly landscape; never fade the flames
Hot over Hell. Rings clasp me, smooth hard bands
Mar motion, stay my wandering, feet bound,
Hands fastened, and the ways of these Hell-gates
Accurst so that I cannot free my limbs;
Great lattice bars, hard iron hammered hot,
Lie round me, wherewith God hath bound me down
Fast by the neck.
So know I that He knew
My mind, and that the Lord of Hosts perceived
That if between us two by Adam came

Evil towards that royalty of Heaven,
I having power of my hands —
But now we suffer throes in Hell, gloom, heat,
Grim, bottomless; us God Himself hath swept
Into these mists of darkness, wherefore sin
Can He not lay against us that we planned
Evil against Him in the land. Of light
He hath shorn us, cast us into utmost pain.
May we not then plan vengeance, pay Him back
With any hurt, since shorn by Him of light?
Now He hath set the bounds of a mid-earth
Where after His own image He hath wrought
Man, by whom He will people once again
Heaven's kingdom with pure souls. Therefore intent
Must be our thought that, if we ever may,
On Adam and his offspring we may wreak
Revenge, and, if we can devise a way,
Pervert His will. I trust no more the light
Which he thinks long to enjoy with angel power.
Bliss we obtain no more, nor can attain
To weaken God's strong will; but let us now
Turn from the race of Man that heavenly realm
Which may no more be ours, contrive that they
Forfeit His favor, undo what His Word
Ordained: then, wroth of mind, He from His grace
Will cast them, then shall they too seek this Hell
And these grim depths. Then may we for ourselves
Have them in this strong durance, sons of men
For servants. Of the warfare let us now
Begin to take thought. If of old I gave
To any thane, while we in that good realm
Sat happy and had power of our thrones,

Gifts of a Prince, then at no dearer time
Could he reward my gift, if any now
Among my followers would be my friend,
That he might pass forth upward from these bounds,
Had power with him that, winged, he might fly,
Borne on the clouds, to where stand Adam and Eve
Wrought on earth's kingdom, girt with happiness,
While we are cast down into this deep dale.
Now these are worthier to the Lord, may own
The blessing rightly ours in Heaven's realm,
This the design apportioned to mankind.
Sore is my mind and rue is in my thought
That ever henceforth they should possess Heaven.
If ever any of you in any way
May turn them from the teaching of God's word
They shall be evil to Him, and if they
Break His commandment, then will He be wroth
Against them, then will be withdrawn from them
Their happiness, and punishment prepared,
Some grievous share of harm. Think all of this,
How to deceive them. In these fetters then
I can take rest, if they that kingdom lose.
He who shall do this hath prompt recompense
Henceforth for ever of what may be won
Of gain within these fires. I let him sit
Beside myself.'

. . . . . .

Then God's antagonist arrayed himself
Swift in rich arms. He had a guileful mind.
The hero set the helmet on his head
And bound it fast, fixed it with clasps. He knew
Many a speech deceitful, turned him thence,

Hardy of mind, departed through Hell's doors,
Striking the flames in two with a fiend's power;
Would secretly deceive with wicked deed
Men, the Lord's subjects, that misled, forlorn,
To God they became evil. So he fared,
Through his fiend's power, till on earth he found
Adam, God's handiwork, with him his wife,
The fairest woman.

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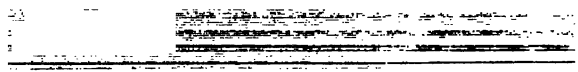

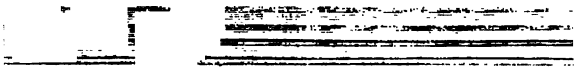

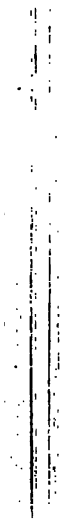

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